



The Poets

OF

Keighley, Bingley,

Haworth,

&c.



Edited by

CHAS. F. FORSHAW,

LL.D.





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THE POETS

OF

Keighley, Bingley, Haworth and District :

BEING

BIOGRAPHIES AND POEMS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS

OF THE ABOVE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

EDITED BY

CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

HONORARY DOCTOR OF LITERATURE;

EDITOR OF "YORKSHIRE POETS, PAST AND PRESENT," AUTHOR OF "ST. BEES,
AND OTHER POEMS;" ETC., ETC.

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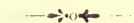
Respectfully,
Truly yours
Chas. S. Butterfield

TO

Henry I. Butterfield, Esq.,

OF

CLIFFE CASTLE.



IN accents low I heard a poet sing,
Scorn not, oh man! the bard of humble worth;
His is the task to dignify the earth,
And with sweet song soothe sorrow's sordid sting,
With many a lay of wild imagining,
The land that gave to Saxon Kihel birth,
Whate'er its faults and flaws, has had no dearth
Of those whose songs have made its valleys ring.

From many pens these gems of verse are brought,
Some rich in language where the glowing mind
Speaks out in eloquence; some unrefined
But all at Poesy's blest shrine have wrought.

As tribute to thy native town—and thee—
I tend these children of Melpomene.

EDITOR.

*The following Gentlemen have contributed the Biographical
Sketches of the Authors under notice :—*

GEORGE ACKROYD, J.P.
WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.
JETHELBERT BINNS.
JAMES BURNLEY.
ROBERT CLARK, L.R.C.P. L.R.C.S.
COUNSELLOR CRAVEN.
H. C. DUCKWORTH, LL.B., F.S.A.
A. E. ELLISON, F.S.A.
C. A. FEDERER, L.C.P.
CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.
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REV. J. W. KAYE, LL.D.
WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.
REV. M. KNOWLSON.
PERCY MILLIGAN, M.R.C.S.
JAS. MUNDY.
WILLIAM NAYLOR, C.C.
REV. A. H. RIX, LL.D.
FREDERICK ROSS, F.R.H.S.
WILLIAM SCRUTON.
PHILIP SNOWDEN.
REV. ROBERT STANSFIELD.
REV. R. V. TAYLOR, B.A.
J. HORSEFALL TURNER.
THOS. WILMOT, L.R.C.P. LOND. M.R.C.S. ESC.
BUTLER WOOD.

PREFACE.



POETIC minds, like all other minds, are of three distinct kinds—positively good, bad, and middling. Of the first, there are so few examples, either in the past or present, that the task of admiring them or praising them seldom falls to the lot of the critic. Of the second, it may be said that they are hardly worth the trouble of criticising; but the third, which are open to both praise and blame, are by far the most numerous class, and very often their works impose a somewhat difficult task upon the reviewer. They are mostly, we suppose, the productions of young men (or women) who publish once the glowing and youthful fancies of youth, and then, as their thoughts with their years grow riper, attach themselves to some one or other of the more prosaic pursuits of common life.

Like most first efforts they are, as a rule, immature. Unmixed praise might determine, or, at least, it might influence, the writers to pursue a course of life in which they can never excel. Unqualified censure may wound young and ardent spirits; and it is not easy to mete out the proportions of each, which shall be both just and useful.

The poems which are of this mixed character come from persons of all degrees of life and all grades of education—from promising scholars of the Universities, from the rough-handed labourers at the bench, and from pale clerks in the counting-house. There is a great difference perceptible, of course, between the works of the cultivated and the untaught, but it is not in the essentials of true poetry that the distinction is perceptible. The lines of the scholar are more polished, and his classic recollections give a grace to his page, but the creative genius which makes the true poet seems as likely to come from the field or factory as from the abodes of learning.

That power which belongs to true poetry—the power of evoking sympathies, calling up passions and emotions, and with a few bright, glowing words, making the heart throb and the brain teem with the creations of thought and the phantoms of memory—mere cultivation and learning does not seem able to confer. In respect to that, the taught and the untaught are about equal. It is an individual power. In short, “Poets are born, and not made.”

It is, however, very little use their being born, for as blunt, outspoken Ben Preston sings in one of his poems (see page 139) " The Age of Poesy is Gore," and many a bright, sparkling gem, that would adorn and beautify the literary annals of our county, is allowed to droop and die for want of nourishment and support. We can well say with an esteemed relative,* who half a century ago joined the majority: -

" Oh! would the world to *justice* but incline,
The present age would former ones outshine :
And many an unborn man, well pleased would know it,
That one of his relations was a poet."

The aim of the Editor of this work has been to bring together the best poems, with original biographies of poets, who by birth or residence are connected with the district of Keighley, Bingley, Haworth and adjacent townships. That there was at least a fair demand for such a volume as the one now before its readers is amply evidenced by the number of subscribers: many of whom, incidentally hearing that the work was in progress, sent in their names, promiscuously, for copies.

It is probable that some authors are omitted who are entitled to a place in these pages—the Publishers will be glad to have the names of such, with a view to inserting them in the next edition, which is already in a state of preparation. The Second Edition, will contain about fifty additional pages, and will be rendered valuable from the fact that it will possess a sheet of fac-simile Autographs of nearly every author who has a place in its pages. It was originally the Editor's intention to have such a plate in this volume, but he decided not to issue it in an incomplete state, as on the eve of going to press with the last sheet he discovered that, with a little work, it was possible to obtain the signatures of several authors whom he had long vainly endeavoured to secure.

The Editor acknowledges, with a profusion of thanks, the deep indebtedness he is under to the gentlemen who have so generously contributed the Biographical Sketches of the different Bards, and he feels no small degree of pride that he is able to offer to his readers through the medium of this volume such an array of talent; and he would here point out that on no previous occasion has any work been issued to the public that contains such a thorough list of representative Yorkshire *litterateurs* as the present volume.

PREFACE.

Many of the illustrations have been specially obtained; others have been lent by different gentlemen. For loans of books and engravings the Editor desires to acknowledge his obligations to—George Ackroyd, Esq., J.P.; Councillor Craven; Mr. C. A. Federer, L.C.P.; Dr. Milligan; Mr. Wm. Scruton; Mr. J. Horsfall Turner; Mr. France, of the “Keighley Herald;” Prof. Hatfield; Mr. John Overend; Mr. Harrison; and Mr. T. C. Sumner, of the “Yorkshire Weekly Post.”

To that noble patron of the literature of his native town, H. I. Butterfield, Esq., of Cliffe Castle, Keighley, the Editor tends his sincere thanks, not only for his kindly reception of him when approached on the subject of the Dedication, but for subsequent courtesies during the progress of the work. The Dedication of the volume to a gentleman of Mr. Butterfield's attainments is peculiarly appropriate.

CHAS. F. FORSHAW.

11, MANNINGHAM LANE,

BRADFORD, *March*, 1891.

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Rev. JOHN BEATSON.

By FREDERICK ROSS, F.R.H.S.

AUTHOR OF "CELEBRITIES OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS," "THE
MINOR POETS OF YORKSHIRE," "HISTORIC YORKSHIRE
FAMILIES," "YORKSHIRE FAMILY ROMANCE,"
"YORKSHIRE EPITOMIZED," ETC.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

The REV. JOHN BEATSON was a Baptist Minister in Hull, of considerable reputation as a preacher and great usefulness as a pastor, as well as author of some theological, poetical, and other works which enjoyed a high measure of popularity in the latter half of last century.

He was born at Cottingley Hall, Bingley, in March 1743, and died at Hull, on April 24th, 1798. His father was a respectable farmer, who gave him a good education at the Grammar School, Leeds, and brought him up strictly in the principles of the Church of England, but chancing to hear a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of the White Chapel Independent Church, Leeds, he received religious impressions which induced him to join that body of Dissenters, and was pronounced by his friends to have brought everlasting disgrace on the family.

At the instance of his Pastor, he preached occasionally in White Chapel, but with much diffidence; displaying, however, a gift of speaking, he was invited to take the pastorate of Cleckheaton Congregational Church, which he accepted, and preached there twelve months, when his views on Baptismal immersion undergoing a change, he resigned the office and joined the Baptists, and was baptised in 1767. The following year he became the pastor of a small Church at Sutton-in-Craven, and was ordained in 1769.

In 1771 he accepted a call from the congregation of Salthouse Lane Baptist Church, Hull, and laboured there until 1794, when he was compelled by ill health, to relinquish his pulpit duties. Immediately prior to his arrival in Hull, there had been some dissension in the Church, and a considerable number seceded and built for themselves a new Chapel, so that Salthouse Lane was not half filled, but Mr. Beatson soon became popular and not only filled up the vacancies, but necessitated an enlargement of the Chapel.

He was a zealous advocate of civil and religious liberty; of the spread of secular and religious education; and of the dissemination of knowledge. He was one of the founders of the Hull Subscription Library in 1775, and served the office of President 1788-91.

He was twice married, leaving a daughter by his first wife; and by his second a son, who died at the age of fifteen; and two daughters.

The following is a list of his works:—

- “*The Divine Character of Christ considered and vindicated, in a series of dialogues, on that interesting and important subject.* Leeds, 1773.
- “*The Divine Satisfaction of Christ Demonstrated, in a series of dialogues.* Leeds, 1774.
- “*Divine Philanthropy: or the Love of God.* A poetical essay. Leeds, 1777. pp., 102.
- “*A Sermon,*” (*Jer. xix, 7*) *on the duty and interest of men as members of Civil Society.* Hull, 1788.
- “*The Divine Right of a Christian to freedom of enquiry, and freedom of practice in religious matters.* Hull, 1779.
- 2nd edition, with a brief memoir of the life, character, and writings of the author, by J. Lyon.* Hull, 1769.
- “*Compassion, the duty and dignity of man; and cruelty, the disgrace of his nature; a Sermon on Luke x, 29, occasioned by that branch of British commerce which extends to the human species.* Hull, 1786.

Divine Philanthropy.

AND now with shouts and brutal fury see
 They seize their prey; loud peals of horrid noise,
 Like foaming waves deep roaring in a streight,
 Astound the ear, re-echoing wide around.
 His sacred hands they bind with cruel spite
 And bitter insults; madden'd with fell rage
 They drag Him as a thief, deride His pain,
 And loud exulting triumph in His woe.

WHOM yonder do I see, with pallid looks
 Precipitant in flight! Sure not his friends!
 His chosen followers!—Ah! most sure 'tis they!
 In dangers mouth their Master they desert!
 O Cowardice! thou bane of friendship's bliss!
 Thou breach of plighted faith! 'tis thine to' unman
 The manly heart, subdue the firm resolve,
 And from the warrior's brow the laurel pluck!
 Detested be thy name! at thy approach
 May every Christian soldier point his sword
 Right at thy heart and lay thee low in dust!

BEFORE the high priest see he stands arraign'd;
 ("The criminals lot) but nothing to His charge
 Just can be laid: His doctrine's peaceful end
 Bold He maintains, and to His foes appeals!
 Ah! yon inhuman wretch by hate impell'd
 Th' Illustrious Sufferer smites; his callous heart,
 Of sympathy devoid, no sufferings can dissolve.
 But self-collected see the Saviour stands
 Calm as the sea when not a single breeze
 Furrows its beauteous face, unaw'd, unmov'd,
 His confidence in Heaven through misery smiles.
 O Innocence! thou balm of woes deep wound!
 Thou great Inspirer of heroic deeds!
 Majestic even in rags! Thee may I clasp
 Close to my heart, indissolubly firm,
 The sweet Companion of my bitterest hours!

To witness to the truth Messiah came,
 And now that truth announces: Urg'd to tell
 Whether He be the CHRIST? bold He declares
 I am; and tho' submissive now I stand
 Despis'd in lowly form, soon will approach
 The awful day, when My tribunal rais'd
 High in the air, Myself the Judge confest,
 Deep-wailing ye shall see.—Tumultuous now
 The crowd appears, loud clamours hark they raise,
 "Death is His due!" The Hall re-echoes death!

SEE with what brutal fury yonder mob
 Like dogs beset Him round: His sacred face
 They foul with spitting, strike with cruel hate,
 'Till all appears one undistinguished wound.

THE horrid night now past, the morn appears
 Portentious, big with scenes of high import
 To rebel men: And see with savage shouts
 Clamorous they drag Him to the Roman bar;
 Accuse him falsely, charge Him with foul crimes
 Abhorrent to His nature: Lust of blood,
 Their passions fires, that they still louder urge
 His instant death. Their urgent cries prevail.
 Their furious rage to sate, Pilate complies,
 His prisoner strait delivers, though convinc'd
 No criminal charge was fixt.—Thou servile wretch!

To purchase favour at so dear a rate
As guiltless blood ! Be sure so base a crime
Vengeance will soon o'ertake and full repay !

AH ! turn my eyes from yonder ghastly sight
Shocking to nature ! blood adown his back
Runs to the ground ; His temples pierc'd with thorns,
His features quite deform'd with cruel blows.

INHUMAN wretches ! tyger-hearted sure,
Thus to insult the sacred Prince of Peace !
Say, ye blood-thirsty race, What cause for this ?
Did He a faction raise, your country waste,
Foment rebellion, or your ruin seek ?
Ah ! no ; not to Condemn the world He came
Though just its condemnation : His design
From sin, and death, and hell, His foes to save,
Why then abuse Him thus ? Why the keen shafts
Of fell reproach, deep in His heart infix ?
Why tear His sacred temples, and His face
Foul with envenom'd spitting ? Why His back
Rend with inglorious stripes, as though a slave ?

THE lust of cruelty, lo, still prevails :
Th' Illustrious Sufferer now they clamorous drag
To Calvary's ghastly mount, and proud Contempt
His rude appearance makes in every face.
No pity's shown : His mangled body see
Sore prest : A massy beam of ponderous weight,
Part of the tree accurst on which he hung,
His shoulder bears—but can no longer bear.
His strength exhausted through the loss of blood,
Down on the ground He falls beneath the load,
While brutal shouts of triumph stun His ears.

ÆTHELBERT BINNS.

BY CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

MR. BINNS was born at Wilsden on the 5th of May, 1865. His early education was obtained at the Wesleyan Schools there. He was afterwards placed as a pupil-teacher with the Wilsden School Board. A few years ago, however, he relinquished this occupation, and went into partnership with his father in the Printing and Stationery business. In 1888 he commenced publishing a local almanack, which met with considerable success. To its pages he contributed many articles, both in prose and verse, which attracted the attention of the local literati; some of whom encouraged him in his efforts as an author, with the result that Mr. Binns continued the publication yearly, which is now in its fifth year. He is also the author of a number of tractates, to which he gave the title of "Wilsden Originals." These contained many interesting stories in prose, and a number of dainty ditties in verse, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Binns has thought wise to cease their publication. As a dialect exponent he has reaped a golden harvest, and his contributions on the extremeness of some York-hire dialect words to that excellent weekly *The Leeds Mercury Supplement*, stamped him at once as a patient and careful student in historical research. He has contributed poems to the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, *Yorkshireman*, and many other prominent weeklies, and his is a familiar name to thousands of newspaper readers in the West Riding. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when Mr. Binns will deem it well to issue the fruits of his pen in volume form, for many of them are deserving of preservation. I give several examples of his labours in the fields of poesy.

What was it he loved when he Wed?

"WHAT was it *he* loved when *he* wed?

"Beauty." "Ay, and beauty had fled.

And the love that engendered—

He has long ago surrendered—

Died when beauty was dead."

“What was it *he* loved when *he* wed?”

“Money.” “Ay, and money has fled,
And so has love it created,
Long has that love been abated,
It went when money fled.”

“What was it *he* loved when *he* wed?”

“Rank.” “Ay, and high rank might have fled,
For it has so much disgraced
That love for it has been displaced,
And so his love has fled.”

“What was it *he* loved when *he* wed?”

“Love.” “Ah, love! and each one’s love bred
A reciprocal love that gives
Love in return, a love that lives
When one’s loved one is dead.”

S o n g .

I stood with many hundreds more
To watch the proud ship leave the shore;
With hundreds more I waved adieu,
Gazed on the ship till lost to view,
Sobbed with the rest, shed bitter tears,
Hoped for the best for coming years.

* * * *

Like hundreds more, I read the tale
Of ship that foundered in a gale;
Like hundreds more I was bereaved
Of one to whom my heart had cleaved:
Like ’twas to others, so to me—
My life on earth must single be.

Still, with those many hundreds more,
Who watched the proud ship leave the shore,
I know that I ere long shall reach
A far-off country’s tranquil beach,
Whereon will be the shipwrecked crew
To whom on earth we waved adieu.

What a Smile can do.

A SMILE can cheer a lonesome heart,
 Can bid dull care and grief depart :
 What might have been a darksome day
 Its influence makes bright and gay :
 The charm a smile can cast around
 Its length and breadth they know no bound.
 A smile which I shall ne'er forget,
 When I think of it, haunts me yet,
 And haunt me I am sure it will
 Till beating heart and pulse are still,
 By it a link was thrown between
 My heart and thine—my Queen, my Queen.

Home.

I LOVE to live 'mongst Nature's hills ;
 To climb their grassy sides,
 To see the sun above them rise
 As heavenwards it glides.

I love the moors in summer-time
 When growing flowers of heath ;
 I love them in the winter-time
 When snow hides them beneath.

I love the gentle running streams
 That course among the vales ;
 I love the wide, expansive view
 That human eye regales.

I love to wander 'mong field-paths
 When all around is green,
 I love them when the hay smells sweet
 And harvesters are seen.

I love the bonny, vernal wood-
 When 'deck'd with leaves and flow'rs,
 I love them in the autumn-time
 When fall the dead leaf show'rs.

I love a certain shady nook
 Hemmed in by a high wall
 Of massive rocks, o'er which doth flow
 The Goit Stock Waterfall.

I love the song of happy birds
 That sing at early day,
 That warble through the hotter hours,
 At eve chant forth their lay.

I love Spring's dear, if simple, flow'rs—
 Daisies, and celandine,
 Anemones and buttercups,
 They glad these eyes of mine.

In fact I love all Nature's sights,
 Love Nature's sounds to hear,
 And if kind Nature's sights and sounds
 With me are ever near,

Who wonders that though foreign scenes
 May tempt me oft to roam,
 Yet I prefer to live my days
 E'er in my village home.

I'VE LOVED HER ALL MY LIFE.

WHEN she was but a little girl,
 And I a little boy,
 Sweet Everelda was to me
 The highest source of joy;
 We hand-in-hand did wander out
 Among the field highways,
 And her sweet presence always made
 Too fleet my childhood days.

And when we both had reached our teens,
 Though bashfuller I grew,
 Yet if her gaze I one day missed
 My eyes would cheeks bedew;
 So ever, that I suffered not,
 I fondly lingered near
 The house where Everelda dwelt,
 The spot to me so dear!

So time flew on, and we two grew
 To man's and woman's years,
 And time but made love stronger grow,
 And that which love endears.
 Ere long became my very own,
 My better half of life—
 Sweet Everelda cheers my home,
 For she is now my wife.

We two are old, we've long been gray,
 Our lives are feeble now,
 We both have reached old tottering age,
 Have wrinkles on our brow;
 But still my Everelda's dear
 As when she first was wife,
 And thus from childhood up to now
 I've loved her all my life.

THE RIVER AIRE.

(EDITOR.)

'Mid greenest banks in queenly May
 With many a splash of fairy spray,
 It blithely, gently flows along
 The pebbled, mossy stones among,
 Its ripples chant a gladsome lay.

On, on it speeds, careless and gay,
 Through time-worn arches old and grey,
 Whilst happy joy-birds trill a song
 'Mid greenest banks.

Oh! what so fair as early day
 When waters sweet catch Sol's glad ray,
 To leave the City's surging throng,
 To quit the haunts of vice and wrong,
 And watch the river wend its way
 'Mid greenest banks.

J. ARTHUR BINNS.

BY BUTLER WOOD.

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MR. J. ARTHUR BINNS, the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy for Bradford, was born at Bingley on the 20th of July, 1826. In this delightful village, one of the loveliest in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the period of his childhood and youth was spent, and when we consider the magnificent environment of natural scenery which surrounded him during this period of susceptibility to impressions of the beautiful in nature, we can hardly wonder that under such favourable conditions the divine spark of poetry born in him should be subsequently fanned into a full poetic fire. He was educated at Mr. Richardson's well-known establishment there, and after leaving school sojourned a year in Manchester during 1844-5. Returning from thence he afterwards entered the office of the late Mr. J. A. Busfield, who acted in the capacity of Treasurer of County Courts, and with whom he was associated until the death of Mr. Busfield in 1882. Mr. Binns continued after this to hold the appointment of Examiner of County Court Accounts till June, 1883. In the year 1854 he and others associated with him founded the Third Equitable Permanent Building Society, an institution which is doing an incalculable amount of good among the working-classes of the town and neighbourhood, enabling them, as it does, to become possessors of their own houses by means of the facilities which this admirable society affords them. So thoroughly is Mr. Binns versed in matters relating to organizations of this character that he has been called upon repeatedly, both on the platform and in the press, to place before the public his views upon the subject. Five years after the founding of the Third Equitable, the Council of the Social Science Congress invited him to deliver an address on the subject of Building Societies during the Bradford Meetings, and a paper on the same subject was also given by him before the British Association in 1873. From the commencement of the society Mr. Binns occupied the onerous position of President for sixteen years, but he relinquished that post when he was appointed joint secretary along with Mr. Charles Lund and Mr. Wm. Mitchell, in 1871. Under this able triumvirate the society flourished apace, and spread like a green bay tree. It is now one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world. In December, 1883, he resigned the secretarialship of the society in order to undertake the duties of that important post.

The Official Receivership in Bankruptcy for the Bradford District, offered to him by the Board of Trade. On his resignation, Mr. Binns was elected a director of the Society, a position which he still continues to occupy.

The period of 1853-4 was a busy one for him in many ways. Besides establishing the Society above referred to he found time to edit the "Bradford Examiner," a monthly periodical to which we shall allude later on, and to compile a Hymn Book for the use of the Long-Pledged Teetotal Association—a hymn book which, notwithstanding its purpose, is based on the broadest lines in religion, and is absolutely free from sectarianism.

At the time of which we are now writing, much distress existed among the Bradford woolcombers, who were brought to the verge of starvation by reason of the great depression in trade which existed in the country. Mr. Binns warmly espoused their cause and rendered them considerable help by bringing their unfortunate condition before the public in his monthly periodical. The distress evoked a noble poem from his pen, entitled "Conquest through Labour," which is inspired throughout with true, generous sentiment, and a genuine sympathy with the sufferings of the workers. Sir Arthur Helps once wrote a book which he entitled "Essays written during intervals of Business," but one cannot avoid thinking that in his case the intervals took up a deal more time than the business. This has not been so with Mr. Binns. Notwithstanding the incessant calls upon his time by business engagements, he contrived to get through an amount of literary work which would do credit to many a professional writer. For twelve years he wrote a weekly leader in the "Huddersfield Examiner" and the "Dewsbury Reporter," and frequently contributed political and literary articles to the "Bradford Observer," and other newspapers. Nor was he content to confine himself merely to work with the pen, for he often delivered lectures on literary subjects before large and appreciative audiences.

It will not be difficult to imagine that a man of wide sympathies like Mr. Binns should be an ardent politician. Indeed he has been, and still is, a prominent member of the Liberal party in Bradford. Hitherto his political career has been a most active one, both on the platform as a speaker and as a sagacious organiser in the Liberal camp. So much confidence has been placed in his abilities in this direction that he has had entire charge of several elections for the West-riding of Yorkshire from the year 1873 to the present time. In 1884 he was elected a member of the Town Council, representing the Manningham Ward, and he retained his seat until the year 1888, when he was reluctantly compelled to resign owing to pressure of official business. While in the council he held the position of Vice-chairman of the Free Libraries

and Art Museum Committee, one of great importance and responsibility, and one in which his wide knowledge of literature was of great service to the committee and the staff. During this period he gave a large amount of time and labour to the preparation of the Reference Library Catalogue, which was eighteen months in going through the press. The writer was greatly indebted to Mr. Binns for his labours in this direction, and he felt grateful for the help thus cheerfully rendered. Besides being connected with the Free Public Library Mr. Binns took a lively interest in the Mechanics' Institute, as indeed he did in all institutions for bettering the condition of the workers of our town. He was chairman of the Library Committee for seven years, during which time he ably guided this important department of the Institute's operations. The Bradford Library and Literary Society now claims his services as a member of the Council.

Mr. Binns seems born to be the originator of large and far-reaching schemes. Not content with founding the "Third Equitable," we find him among those taking the initiative in a concern which bids fair to rival, at some time, the first-named society in the extent of its operations. The Yorkshire Investment and American Mortgage Company, Limited, was founded in 1886, and from that time till now he has been president of the Company. He made a journey to America in the spring of 1889, along with Mr. Charles Lund, to inspect and report upon the company's securities there, and besides the business information gleaned in the United States, he brought back many pleasant memories of men and things from our kin across the sea.

Considering the busy life he has led, we cannot help wondering how it has been possible for him to cultivate so largely as he has done that literary faculty which he possesses in such an eminent degree. We purpose to sketch out somewhat roughly the character and extent of Mr. Binns's writings, although we feel a difficulty at the out-set by reason of their distribution over so many magazines and newspapers. The task has again been rendered no easier on account of the long period of time which has elapsed since he first wielded the pen. To these drawbacks we must also add Mr. Binns's habit of not preserving copies of his literary productions.

In 1854 was published "Hymns of Worship, Life and Nature," collected and edited by Joseph Arthur Binns, for the use of the Educational Institute in connection with the Bradford Long-pledged Teetotal Association. Bradford: Nelson & Dalby, 12mo., 1854. The whole edition of 1000 copies was sold within a year from date of publication. The collection is made with great care and judgment, and includes many pieces of rare merit. The volume, however, is mainly interesting because of the inclusion of two original poems by the editor. One of these, entitled 'Work in Hope,' is an earnest outburst of feeling for the toilers, whose lot in those days was miserable to a degree. In lines of great beauty he gives

expression to the hopes and aspirations of the class of men with which he has always been in deep sympathy. The other poem already referred to is called "Conquest through Labour." We offer no apology for quoting the whole of this composition, which will be found among the selected examples of Mr. Binns's poetic muse. As in the verses previously mentioned we find the same fervent feeling and the same "larger hope" pervading every line of the poem.

In this year of 1854, Mr. Binns edited the "Bradford Examiner," a monthly political and literary journal, in which he was the principal writer. It was successful, but its publishers got into financial difficulties, and what was only intended as a temporary, turned out to be a permanent stoppage. The first number appeared in April, 1854, and continued up to the end of that year as a large octavo, but from the beginning of 1855 to the end of its career in July it appeared in ordinary octavo form. It included some novel features, among which were lists of notices of important meetings and events about to take place during the month, and a record of votes of the West-riding members in the House of Commons. The most important articles, however, were from the pen of the editor himself, who contributed the monthly summary and review, besides short poems and prose articles. The two poems already quoted appeared in the "Examiner," as well as in the volume before alluded to. We cannot take leave of the "Examiner" without referring to an article on Bradford Fair which appeared therein, and which is to our mind one of the choicest things in the book. There is in this production a peculiar flavour, so easy to perceive, yet so difficult to define, and a crisp, elegance of touch which is characteristic of the writer. The description of the "Chorus Tommy," more especially that on the performance of the Babes in the Wood, is full of genuine pathetic and humorous touches.

Mr. Binns has been a contributor to "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," and the great Encyclopædia published by this firm contains many articles from his pen. Among these may be mentioned the following:—On Chartism, Friendly Societies, Savings Banks, Trades Unions, Socialism, York, and Yorkshire. The important chapter on the Worst Trade of Bradford in Baines's "Yorkshire, Past and Present," was contributed by him, and will be found in the second volume of that work. A set of poems called "Stanzas on the Months" was privately printed in 1862, from which we have selected the one on March as a characteristic verse. Copies of this production are now very difficult to obtain. At the request of the Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Society he wrote in 1889 a "Memoir of Dr. Scoresby, Vicar of Bradford, Whale Fisher, Polar Explorer, and Magnetician," for publication in the journal of that society.

As previously stated, Mr. Binns's productions have been widely scattered over a great number of publications, and it has therefore only

been possible to deal with a very small portion of them. Many of his poems have been published in the "Spectator" and the local papers from time to time. It is the sincere desire of his friends that some of the poems may at no distant date be collected in book form, and thus be rescued from their present unavailable condition. One short but pungent piece appeared in the "Spectator" of February 28th, 1885, called "A Moan in Church." It attracted considerable attention at the time, and was quickly reproduced in many of the newspapers on account of its keen and incisive sarcasm. We cannot resist making a selection from a set of Christmas Cards which Mr. Binns has been in the habit of sending to his friends for many years past. They are tastefully got up and bear upon them each year an original poem suitable to the occasion. They all possess the mark of Mr. Binns's strong individuality, but the one for 1888 seems to us to be the finest of the series thus far, and we therefore quote it on that account. This piece displays some of the main characteristics of his poetry, namely, genuine poetic feeling, easy and natural flow of felicitous language, and a rare combination of melody and vigour. There are touches here and there which remind us of Longfellow, but the strength of the verse stands in favourable contrast to Longfellow's somewhat feminine numbers. Will Carleton, who is a personal friend of our author, greatly admired the poem called "Sic Transit," which is also included in the collection. It describes, in dramatic language, the progress of human life.

Summing up the literary qualities of the work we have been endeavouring to deal with, it seems to us that melody and strength, terseness and finish, and an unerring poetic instinct form the chief merits of Mr. Binns's literary efforts. From his subject-matter it is evident that his strong sympathies are with the toiling millions, in fact some of his finest poems have been inspired by his earnest desire for their welfare. An intense love of freedom and justice, and an intolerance of wrong in any form animate his compositions both in prose and poetry.

It only remains to say that as a man Mr. Binns is genial and kind in his demeanour, a firm friend, and one ever ready to do a good turn to those around him. As a speaker he is fluent, witty, and happy in manner, and as an after-dinner orator has few equals. His knowledge of the literature of his country, especially poetic literature, is extremely wide and accurate; so much is this the case that he frequently astonishes his friends by the readiness with which he will give the sources of random quotations.

We sincerely hope that he may be long spared to pour forth among us those delightful productions of his pen which we have so long been accustomed to expect from him.

Sic *Œransit*.

O wondrous life of joy and strength,
While man's young power unspent is,
Through all the ten years' joyous length,
The hot and eager twenties.

Next comes the decade sweet and strong,
Years where no harm or hurt is,
When life pours forth her fullest song,
The proud and passionate thirties.

Life's summer glows,—with flower and fruit
The long day all too short is ;
And well its glorious splendours suit
Our midday world, the forties.

Is this the first approach of Night ?
Yes, downward now our drift is,
As on we fare through waning light,
Slow sinking through the fifties.

Still closer folds our narrowing range,
Our fate more sure and fixed is.
For good or ill, small chance of change
When once we reach the sixties.

Darkens the shadow of the tomb !
And either hell or heaven 'tis
As life, past, present, and to come
Looks on us through the seventies.

Shut out from manhood's earlier force,
How sad the growing weight is,
We bear along the dreary course
That lingers through the eighties,

Still slower drags our weary oar,
But useless to repine 'tis,
And yet we long to find a shore
Somewhere among the nineties !

Come, kindly Death ! unfear'd, long-sought !
Spare us the torturing *one* dread
That Heaven has dropped us out of thought,
To leave us o'er the hundred !

Conquest through Labour.

WORKERS for men, whoe'er you are,
No matter what your sphere,
Who still for human progress war,
And bow with hearts sincere
Before the heavens' high arching dome
Of Light and Truth, and God the home,—

Take courage! brief as is our life,
And though our task be great,
Our strength is equal to the strife,
And we shall yet defeat
The foes that stop man's upward road
To holiest freedom's high abode.

Around us countless millions bend
O'er dull mechanic toil,
Their labour's best and highest end
Grim Poverty to foil,
That, wolf-like, still pursues their way
With dread persistence, day by day.

Within their minds, chill, bleak and dead,
There dwells no inner sight—
No intellectual sun-rays shed
Their vivifying light:
A polar winter ever keeps
Its empire in those gloomy deeps.

From glorious Shakspeare's words there shines
No orb to light their sky,
While Milton's brave and god-like lines
Pass unregarded by.
They never wake to find their souls,
Yet Life to Death unceasing rolls.

What then? Although the night be dark,
And our worn courage droop,
We wait not for the morning lark,
But still, upborne by hope,
And, strong in faith that scorns delay,
We hasten on the coming day.

Yon flower, whose sweetness lures the bees,
 And sheds its perfume round,
 So frail, it quivers in the breeze,
 And vibrates with a sound :
 Wrought through the earth its skyward course,
 By resolute and constant force.

Green vales and gentle slopes arise,
 Upon old Ocean's breast ;
 Like brightest stars in clearest skies
 They in their beauty rest ;
 And strong as beautiful, they form
 A sure protection from the storm.

Those isles beneath the restless waves,
 Minutest insects reared—
 Myriads of builders filled their graves
 Ere the first peaks appeared—
 Peaks that the sun might tip with gold,
 Firm rock where shifting waters rolled.

Do not these things a lesson teach
 Of patience, courage, power ?
 Though far from land, we're sure to reach
 The distant hoped-for shore.
 If to our work we prove but true,
 There's nothing that we may not do.

Our earth shall yet an aspect wear
 Of nobleness and truth,
 When all shall human life reverse
 Wise age and earnest youth :
 And the old Eden less be known
 Than that which shall the future crown.

March.

ACROSS the stormy vault the wild wind sweeps
 In sullen rage : the shrinking forests crash.
 Roused to quick fury the enraged deeps
 On trembling coasts vindictive billows dash,
 Till from its place some promontory leaps
 To the rude sea, whose waves triumphant wash
 Where the proud headland stood. But Spring is near ;
 Storms are but passing ; Heaven will yet shine clear.

Christmas, 1888.

O SWEET and solemn tolls the knell
Of the departing year!
O sweet and solemn notes that swell
Its ringing far and near.

Some breathed with us the summer air
Who now have passed away,
And changed our clouds of grief and care
For heaven's eternal day.

Still shines the sun: the moon and stars
Make lovely still the night;
And we, through earth's material bars,
See a diviner light.

Out goes my prayer for all my friends,
Not only those I know,
For wheresoe'er the wide sky bends,
To-day I have no foe.

My prayer for all in every land,
That brighter days may be,
From arctic snows to tropic sand,
From east to western sea!

Alas! not yet is sheathed the sword,
Men fight as fought their sires—
But still there rings a heavenly word
Through roar of battle fires.

A word that calms the soul's unrest,
Gives hope a happier view,
And shews, beyond night's mountain crest,
The morning's promised blue.

A Moan in Church.

(WRITTEN DURING SERMON.)

DULL-FEATURED, leaden-eyed, the preacher stands ;
 And holds the sacred volume in his hands,
 No touch of genius lightens up his face ;
 No kindly accent speeds the word of grace.
 He draws and maunders in unending drone ;—
 O ! for some lightning-flash, some thunder-tone,
 Something to show life yet remains on earth,
 Sorrow or joy, wild laughter, madness, mirth,
 Something for heart and mind to feel and know,
 Not these sad phrases, following row on row.
 Our souls refuse the weary watch to keep,
 And feel “ God giveth His beloved sleep.”
 Grant, Lord, some help from heaven, some spirit-touch,
 Now that we feel so little, hear so much ;
 And as a set-off to our sins’ amount
 Put this day’s suffering down to our account.

Haworth Moors.

(EDITOR.)

HERE we inhale a breath of heaven-sent air ;
 Here from the maddening haunts of man we’re free
 To taste the bliss of freedom’s purity ;
 To feel we’ve vanquished vain deceit and care.

There is such grandeur in these moors so bare
 That never sense of loneliness have we,
 For most can tell it is our God’s decree
 That they His joyous bounteousness should share.

To me, oh moors ! ye’re not a barren waste—
 Rather I call ye “ Garden of Our Lord ;”
 For ye can tune our heartstrings’ tenderest chord,
 And all our thoughts and inmost souls make chaste.

Ye lead our minds from earthliness away
 To realms beyond—where dwells Eternal Day.



P. Brontë, A. B.

THE BRONTË FAMILY.

By CHAS. A. FEDERER, L.C.P.,

EDITOR, YORKSHIRE CHAP BOOKS, ETC., ETC.

TIME in his flight no lustre takes away
From the great Brontës' wide immortal fame ;
They nobly gained an everlasting name,
Winning the laurels that know no decay.

Their 'scutcheon is undimmed—its glorious ray
Has ever shone with bright translucent flame ;
So in the future will it shine the same
And be the theme of many a distant day.

The records of the present and the past
Reveal no history akin to theirs ;
They bravely fought against life's fitful blast,
Still struggling on, amid a myriad cares !
But ere the world could on their talents rave
The cypress wreath was laid upon their grave.
Editor.

To give anything more than a mere outline of the history of this remarkable family would fall outside the scope of the present work. For exhaustive biographies we refer the reader to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and to Mr. Leyland's *Brontë Family*, the latter of which works corrects many inaccuracies of the former, and in its generous and manly treatment of the subject forms a pleasing contrast to the feminine fault-finding which is so disagreeably prominent in Mrs. Gaskell's work.

Patrick Brontë was born at Ahaderg, co. Down, Ireland, 17th March, 1777. His ancestry is involved in considerable obscurity, but we know that his father, Hugh Brontë, or Bronty, was a petty farmer, with a large family, and small means to maintain it with. Patrick must have made good use of his time at school, for at the age of sixteen he felt himself qualified to undertake the situation of village schoolmaster at Drumgooland in his native county. The Rev. Mr. Tighe, incumbent of this village, soon recognised the abilities of his young schoolmaster,

encouraged him to study, and ultimately was instrumental in sending him to college. Patrick entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in July, 1802.

After a four years' residence, he was licensed to a curacy in Essex (1806), and subsequently to the perpetual curacy of Hartshead, in the parish of Dewsbury (1811). Shortly after his arrival at Hartshead, he published his first work, a volume of poems, entitled "Cottage Poems," which was printed by Holden, Halifax, and contains, among other pieces, "The Happy Cottagers," "Winter Nights' Meditations," "The Spider and the Fly," &c., which, though not of a high order of poetry, yet evince considerable ability and genuine sentiment. The subjects are mostly connected with Irish scenes and incidents.

A close friendship existed between Mr. Brontë and Mr. William Morgan, who had come into Yorkshire at the same time as himself, being appointed to the curacy of Bierley Chapel, Bradford, in 1811. They



THE OLD PARSONAGE, THORNTON.

(The Birthplace of Charlotte, Emily Jane, and Ann Brontë).

both visited at the house of Mr. Fennell, head master of the Wesleyan School at Woodhouse Grove, Apperley, whose home was brightened by the presence of a fair daughter and of a niece, a visitor from Corn-

wall, the sequel being shown by the following curious entry in the eighty-third volume of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*:

Married, at Guiseley, near Bradford, by the Rev. William Morgan, minister of Bierley, Rev. P. Brontë, B.A., minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, to Maria, third daughter of the late T. Bramwell, Esq., of Penzance.

And at the same time and place, by the Rev. P. Brontë, Rev. W. Morgan to the only daughter of Mr. John Fennell, headmaster of the Wesleyan Academy, near Bradford.

Two children were born during Mr. Brontë's incumbency of Hartshead, Maria and Elizabeth, who both died in 1825.

In 1813 appeared Mr. Brontë's second volume of poetry, entitled *The Rural Minstrel*, which shows a distinct improvement upon his former work. Irish reminiscences again form the staple of the subjects which comprise, amongst others, "The Harper of Erin," "Reflections by Moonlight," "The Sabbath Bells," &c.

In 1814, Mr. Brontë resigned the living of Hartshead, being appointed, probably through the influence of his friend, Mr. Morgan, to the incumbency of Thornton, in Bradford parish. It was at the old parsonage of this village, of which Mrs. Gaskell draws such an uninviting picture, that the gifted trio of sisters whose literary fame completely overshadowed that of their sire, first saw the light. Charlotte was born 21st April, 1816, Emily Jane in 1818, and Anne in 1819, or the beginning of 1820. The reader will find in Mr. Scruton's charming monograph *The Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë*, a striking picture of the surroundings of the Brontë family at that period, which cannot fail to interest him.



THE VICARAGE, HAWORTH.

Mr. Brontë's incumbency of Thornton, which lasted six years, also saw the appearance of two further literary efforts, viz., "The Maid of Killarney: or Albion and Flora," a prose tale, printed by Inkersley,

Bradford, 1818; and "The Cottage in the Wood," a prose tale, with a poem appended, also printed by Inkersley, 1818, and reprinted in 1859 by Nelson, Bradford.

This period must have been a particularly trying one for the struggling young clergyman. The anxiety and toil entailed by the care of six young children told upon Mrs. Brontë's health, and the outlook into the future was anything but reassuring. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Brontë gladly seized the opportunity of exchanging the incumbency of Thornton for that of the moorland village of Haworth, where a better stipend would establish domestic matters on a more comfortable footing, and the pure mountain breezes promised better health to the ailing family.

The removal took place 25th February, 1820, but Mrs. Brontë's ailment (cancer) had taken too deep root for her to gain more than a temporary benefit from the change of scene and atmosphere. "Very ill, suffering great pain, but seldom, if ever, complaining" (H. Turner), she passed away 15th September, 1821. Her elder sister, Miss Bramwell, came some time afterwards to take charge of the bereaved household, and devoted the rest of her life to the bringing up of her sister's children.

As Charlotte was only four years old at the time of the removal to Haworth, all the conscious life of the three sisters may be said to have been spent at the latter place. First under their father's fitful tuition, Charlotte and Emily were placed, in 1824, at a private school for clergymen's daughters at Cowan Bridge, near Kirby Lonsdale, where they remained but for a twelvemonth, suffering both in body and mind. After several years spent at home, under the able tutorship of the master of the Haworth Grammar School, the three girls went to stay, one after another, at Miss Wooler's school, at Roe Head, near Hartshead, where they found an affectionate teacher and congenial friends whose attachment lasted for life.

In 1842 Charlotte, then twenty-six years of age, went with her sister Emily to Brussels, and stayed there, first as pupil, then as teacher, for the space of two years. The impressions which continental scenes and manners left upon the observant mind of Charlotte, are most vividly portrayed in her first written but last published novel, "The Professor."

This brings us to the literary activity of the trio of sisters. Already in their earliest years, as soon as the use of pen and paper became familiar, they essayed themselves in literary composition, and we are told that they filled no less than twenty-two MS. volumes with tales, essays, poems, plays, &c. When it is remembered, too, that the mental pabulum provided for his family by the Rev. P. Brontë comprised "The British Essayist," "The Rambler," "The Mirror," "Blackwood's Magazine," "The Lounger," we need feel little



Sincerely yours
Charlotte

surprise at the tersely classical style of writing to which the sisters attained almost at the very outset. Riper years added the zest of ambition, and the sisters were anxious to obtain publicity for their compositions, so that even the dissuasion and neglect of the publishers and literary men with whom they entered into correspondence did not quench their ardour. Unable to get anyone to undertake the risk of publishing their collected poems, they took the bold step of issuing the volume at their own charges, and now appeared for the first time before the public under the *noms de plume* Currer Bell (Charlotte), Ellis Bell (Emily), and Acton Bell (Anne).

Though these poems cannot rank with the productions of our leading poets, of a Tennyson, a Swinburne, a Browning—being too mechanical throughout and often stilted in form—yet they show genuine poetical feeling, and are certainly superior to most of the poetry which passed current in the early part of the present century. Charlotte's poems show a greater ease of manipulation, whilst Emily's verses are more rugged, and withal more redolent of the wild moor. Anne writes in a more mystic strain, and her verses have not inaptly been compared to Cowper's.

But it is chiefly as novelists that the sisters excelled. Finding that poetry was unremunerative, and fired by reports of the fabulous sums paid to Sir Walter Scott for his romances, they determined to write each a novel, and in consequence completed, Charlotte "The Professor" (only published much later), Emily "Wuthering Heights," and Anne "Agnes Grey." "The Professor" was certainly not equal to the tales of Charlotte's sisters, being too threadbare and deficient in striking incidents; but undismayed by her inability to find a publisher for it, she resolutely set herself to the task of composing another romance more suited to the popular taste, the result being that wonderful work, "Jane Eyre," which took the literary world by storm, and raised the author to sudden fame. In quick succession followed "Shirley" and "Villette," which were no less appreciated by the public, whilst Anne followed up her previous success with "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall."

The sisters were not destined long to enjoy the gratifying proofs of public favour. On December 19th, 1848, death claimed Emily for his own, and the following year May flowers decked the grave of Anne in the ancient churchyard of St. Mary's at Scarborough. Six years afterwards, in June, 1854, Charlotte was prevailed upon to bestow her hand in marriage on the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, her father's curate; but before a year had run its course, the grave closed too over her mortal remains (31st March, 1855).

The Rev. Patrick Brontë, bereft of all his children, afflicted with blindness, continued faithfully to discharge his parochial duties, until he, too, was called to his long home, 7th June, 1861, aged 84 years.

On Halley's Comet, in 1835.

OUR blazing guest, long have you been,
To us, and many more, unseen;
Full seventy years have pass'd away
Since last we saw you, fresh and gay—
Time seems to do you little wrong—
As yet, you sweep the sky along,
A thousand times more glib and fast,
Than railroad speed or sweeping blast—
Not so—the things you left behind—
Not so—the race of human kind.
Vast changes in this world have been,
Since by this world you last were seen:
The child who clapped his hands with joy,
And hailed thee as a shining toy,
Has pass'd, long since, that dusky bourn,
From whence no travellers return;
Or sinking now in feeble age,
Surveys thee, as a hoary sage;
Sees thee, a mighty globe serene,
Wide hurried o'er the welkin sheen,
In nebulous or solid state,
For ends both wise, and good, and great;
Or, to adjust and balance true
The shining orbs of ether blue,
Lest, erring in the heavenly plane,
All should to chaos rush again;—
Or if the sun, as Newton says,
Still issues forth substantial rays,
Emitting from his body bright,
Exhausting sparks of rapid light—
To give him back each spark and ray,
Well gather'd, on the airy way;
Lest he should sink in wrinkled years,
And leave in night the rolling spheres.
Say, dost thou, then, all things that burn,
Give to the Sun in thy return?
And thus maintain his shining face
In all the pride of youthful grace?

If so, thou art less selfish far,
 Than many another shining star—
 Less selfish, far, than those below,
 Who gaze upon thy brilliant glow;
 For, here on earth, both one and all,
 We try to rise on others' fall;
 And think our lustre shines the best,
 When dusky veils obscure the rest.
 But Newton sage and others say,
 The sun doth play you *jeu* and *nav*;
 That, at each point of time, his force
 Attracts, repels, thy fiery course;
 In contradiction—strange to say—
 Lest you should wander from your way,
 And that, when he has got thy meed,
 He sends you on your way with speed.
 Alas! alas! should this be so?
 How many *suns* are here below,
 Save that they want both heat and light,
 And never shine, by day or night—
 Attract—repel—get all they can—
 And part with nought to living man!
 Some say thou art electric fire,
 And hast a tail of plague and ire—
 That all along thy airy way
 You shed on men a baleful sway;
 That on the nations near and far
 You sow the seeds of bloody war.
 Small need for these thy fatal arts;
 For we abound in wrathful hearts,
 And cunning heads, and blighting gales,
 And martial hands, and fiery tails—
 And swift to ill—for ill combine,
 With ready skill, surpassing thine.

Thy course is chang'd, as sages say,
 And thou hast run a novel way,
 Just that the wond'ring world might own
 Thou hast a will and way thine own.
 In this, fair stranger, we're inclined
 To follow thee, and have our mind—
 Whate'er sarcastic mortals say,
 For we have orbits where to move,
 By impulse strong, of hate or love;
 And we have ends to answer here,

Though in a dark and narrow sphere,
 Since last this earth has seen thy face,
 Thou hast been wide in many a place—
 And many suns and worlds hast known,
 Besides these orbs we call our own ;—
 Say, hast thou, in thy leisure hours,
 E'er scrutiniz'd a world like ours ?—
 E'er seen such thinking worms of clay,
 Run wildly mad in such a way ?—
 So brief in life—so prone to ill—
 So much averse to that great Will,
 That speaks in truth and boundless might
 And gave thee all thy speed, and light,
 And very being—and has said
 " Let all things be !" and they were made.

But thou art on thy course, I see,
 And wilt not converse deign to me ;—
 Nor man nor angels by their force
 Can for one moment stop thy course :—
 The Mighty God himself alone
 Can reign thy speed, and guide thee on.
 Then fare thee well, thou mighty star—
 Go—do thy errand, near and far.
 Ere thou dost here return again,
 Few things that now are shall remain.
 Tell distant worlds, on whom you shine,
 The hand that made thee is divine,—
 Round thy wide orbit shed thy rays,
 In token of the loudest praise
 To God who made thyself and all
 The stars around this earthly ball—
 Who shall beam forth, in glory bright,
 When all creation sets in night.—*P. Brontë.*

Remembrance.

— — —

COLD in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
 Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
 Severed at last by 'Time's all-severing wave ?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring :
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me :
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy ;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine ;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain ;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again ?—*C. Brontë.*

Song.

THE linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
That hide my lady fair ;
The wild deer browse above her breast ;
The wild birds raise their brood ;
And they, her smiles of love caressed,
Have left her solitude !

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
The light of joy again.
They thought the tide of grief would flow
Unchecked through future years ;
But where is all their anguish now,
And where are all their tears ?
Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue—
The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.
And, if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh !
Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer streams—
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.—*C. Brontë.*

Hope.

HOPE was but a timid friend ;
She sat without the grated den,
Watching how my fate would tend,
Even as selfish-hearted men.
She was cruel in her fear ;
Through the bars one dreary day,
I looked out to see her there,
And she turned her face away !
Like a false guard, false watch keeping,
Still, in strife, she whispered peace ;
She would sing while I was weeping ;
If I listened, she would cease.
False she was, and unrelenting ;
When my last joys strewed the ground,
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,
Those sad relics scattered round ;

Hope, whose whisper would have given
 Balm to all my frenzied pain,
 Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,
 Went, and ne'er returned again !
C. Brontë.

The Bluebell.

THE Bluebell is the sweetest flower
 That waves in summer air ;
 Its blossoms have the mightiest power
 To soothe my spirit's care.

There is a spell in purple heath
 Too wildlly, sadly dear ;
 The violet has a fragrant breath,
 But fragrance will not cheer.

The trees are bare, the sun is cold,
 And seldom, seldom seen ;
 The heavens have lost their zone of gold,
 And earth her robe of green.

And ice upon the glancing stream
 Has cast its sombre shade ;
 And distant hills and valleys seem
 In frozen mist arrayed.

The Bluebell cannot charm me now,
 The heath has lost its bloom ;
 The violets in the glen below,
 They yield no sweet perfume.

But, though I mourn the sweet Bluebell,
 'Tis better far away ;
 I know how fast my tears would swell
 To see it smile to-day.

For, oh ! when chill the sunbeams fall
 Adown that dreary sky,
 And gild yon dank and darkened wall
 With transient brilliancy ;

How do I weep, how do I pine
 For the time of flowers to come,
 And turn me from that fading shine,
 To mourn the fields of home ! *E. Brontë.*

The Night Wind.

IN summer's mellow midnight,
A cloudless moon shone through
Our open parlour window,
And rose-trees wet with dew.

I sat in silent musing ;
The soft wind waved my hair ;
It told me heaven was glorious,
And sleeping earth was fair.

I needed not its breathing
To bring such thoughts to me ;
But still it whispered lowly,
How dark the woods will be !

“The thick leaves in my murmur
Are rustling like a dream,
And all their myriad voices
Instinct with spirit seem.”

I said, “Go, gentle singer,
Thy wooing voice is kind :
But do not think its music
Has power to reach my mind.

“Play with the scented flower,
The young tree's supple bough,
And leave my human feelings
In their own course to flow.”

The wanderer would not heed me ;
Its kiss grew warmer still.

“O come !” it sighed so sweetly ;
“I'll win thee 'gainst thy will.

“Were we not friends from childhood ?
Have I not loved thee long ?
As long as thou, the solemn night,
Whose silence wakes my song.

“And when thy heart is resting
Beneath the church-aisle stone,
I shall have time for mourning,
And *thou* for being alone.”—*E. Brontë.*

Immortality.

No COWARD soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity !
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
 So surely anchored on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void ;
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

E. Brontë.

Domestic Peace.

WHY should such gloomy silence reign,
 And why is all the house so drear,
 When neither danger, sickness, pain,
 Nor death, nor want, have entered here ?

We are as many as we were
 That other night, when all were gay
 And full of hope, and free from care;
 Yet there is something gone away.

The moon without, as pure and calm,
 Is shining as that night she shone;
 But now, to us, she brings no balm,
 For something from our hearts is gone.

Something whose absence leaves a void—
 A cheerless want in every heart;
 Each feels the bliss of all destroyed,
 And mourns the change—but each apart.

This fire is burning in the grate
 As redly as it used to burn;
 But still the hearth is desolate,
 Till mirth, and love, and *peace* return.

'Twas *peace* that flowed from heart to heart,
 With looks and smiles that spoke of heaven,
 And gave us language to impart
 The blissful thoughts itself had given.

Domestic peace! best joy of earth,
 When shall we all thy value learn?
 White angel, to our sorrowing hearth,
 Return—oh, graciously return!

A. Brontë.

Despondency.

I have gone backward in the work;
 The labour has not sped;
 Drowsy and dark my spirit lies,
 Heavy and dull as lead.

How can I rouse my sinking soul
 From such a lethargy?
 How can I break these iron chains
 And set my spirit free?

There have been times when I have mourned
In anguish o'er the past,
And raised my suppliant hands on high,
While tears fell thick and fast;
And prayed to have my sins forgiven,
With such a fervent zeal,
An earnest grief, a strong desire
As now I cannot feel.
And I have felt so full of love,
So strong in spirit then,
As if my heart would never cool,
Or wander back again.
And yet, alas! how many times
My feet have gone astray!
How oft have I forgot my God!
How greatly fallen away!
My sins increase—my love grows cold,
And hope within me dies:
Even Faith itself is wavering now;
Oh, how shall I arise?
I cannot weep, but I can pray,
Then let me not despair:
Lord Jesus, save me, lest I die!
Christ, hear my humble prayer!
A. Brontë.

Resignation.

I HOPED, that with the brave and strong,
My portioned task might lie:
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high.
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my bleeding heart,
When first the anguish fell.
Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope away:
Thou bid'st us now weep through the night
And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost,
 These days of misery,
 These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
 Can I but turn to Thee.

With secret labour to sustain
 In humble patience every blow ;
 To gather fortitude from pain,
 And hope and holiness from woe.

Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
 Whate'er may be my written fate :
 Whether thus early to depart,
 Or yet a while to wait.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
 More humbled I should be ;
 More wise—more strengthened for the strife ;
 More apt to lean on Thee.

Should death be standing at the gate,
 Thus should I keep my vow :
 But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,
 Oh, let me serve Thee now !—*A. Brontë.*

In Bingley Woods.

(EDITOR.)

In Bingley woods in blest July,
 You'll see the merry youngsters hie ;
 A prattling troupe of children gay,
 You'll find where'er you take your way :
 Children who know not yet a sigh.

Ah ! blithe they shout if they should spy
 The nest of some wild bird hard by,
 And shrill they scream when glad they play,
 In Bingley woods.

Amongst each bush they nimbly pry,
 And feeling, neither coy nor shy,
 They spend their infant holiday,
 Each happy as a sprightly fay ;
 Oh ! would these days for them ne'er die :
 In Bingley woods.

JAMES BURNLEY.

BY WM. ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.,

EDITOR, "NORTH COUNTRY POETS," "MODERN YORKSHIRE POETS,"
ETC., ETC.; SECRETARY, HULL LITERARY CLUB.

AMONGST the leading poets of Yorkshire, the name of James Burnley occupies a prominent position, and he has also gained distinction in other departments of literature. He was born at Shipley in 1842, and his first volume was issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., in 1869, under the title of "Idonia, and other Poems." It was well received, and showed that its author was a writer full of promise. Since the appearance of Mr. Burnley's volume of poems, he has enriched the pages of many popular periodicals with his poetry, and it is to be regretted that he has not issued another volume of verse. A new garland of his song could not fail to prove extremely welcome to his many admirers.

Mr. Burnley has produced several successful stories, the best known being a Yorkshire tale entitled "Looking for the Dawn."

Numerous plays, pantomimes, and dramatic entertainments have been written by Mr. Burnley. One of his pieces entitled "The Shadow of the Mill," met with a considerable share of success, and his pantomimes have been extremely popular.

Mr. Burnley first gained local fame as a contributor to the columns of the "Bradford Observer" under the *nom de plume* of Saunterer. His local sketches and holiday articles written on foreign lands, gave a literary tone to the paper which few provincial journals possess. As a descriptive writer he ranks high, and some of his papers have been reproduced in book form, and met with a flattering reception. His "Phases of Bradford Life," "Two Sides of the Atlantic," "West-Riding Sketches," and "Yorkshire Stories Re-told," were reproduced from newspaper and magazine articles. He has been quite a 'globe-trotter,' and wherever he goes he finds something attractive to write about.

He has written much on trade, including a series of articles on the "Workshops of the West-Riding," for the "Leeds Mercury," and a great deal for Cassell's publications, including "Great Industries of Great Britain." Amongst his best books may be named "The Romance of Invention," "Romance of Life Preservation," "The

Romance of Modern Industry," and "A History of Wool and Wool-Combing." The works have met with a cordial welcome from the press and the public. In the pages of "London Society" he wrote the greater part of the articles on "Fortunes made in Business." The chapters have been reproduced in two large volumes, and those from the pen of Mr. Burnley have been greatly praised.

Mr. Burnley has contributed to several standard works, including "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Dictionary of National Biography." His prose and poetry has found a place in all the leading London magazines and newspapers.

He founded the "Yorkshireman," and as its editor is widely known. Mr. Burnley acted for some years as the literary editor of the "Bradford Observer." A popular dialect annual called "Saunterer's Satchel" was established and edited by him, and for some time he conducted the "Yorkshire Magazine."

It will be gathered from the foregoing that Mr. Burnley is a tireless worker. He has resided in London since 1885, and has made hosts of friends among the leading literati of the metropolis, and still keeps in close touch with his many old Yorkshire friends, who are proud of his well merited success. He is a gifted and genial gentleman, and richly deserves the position he has won.

At my Mother's Grave.

THE twilight mingles with the golden west,

The wooded slopes in heavy shadow lie,

Bird-music sinks into a blissful rest,

The sunlight dies along the silent sky,

And all around is solemn as thy grave.

O mother! all the world seems yet to sigh

That thou wert rudely swept beneath Death's wave.

Ten years full measured with the pangs of life

Have drawled their weary length since thou did'st die!

Ten years of foundering hopes and useless strife!

Thy living love did ever keep me high

Above the waves of the all-selfish world;

But Death's cold glamour o'er thee fell, and I

Was far into life's heartless tempest hurled.

Yet now I live with thee again a space ;
I hear thy voice,—by sadness made more sweet,—
And look again into thy gentle face,
Pride and Ambition leave me at thy feet ;
The mysteries that hang around the soul
Seem clearer ; and my tortured heart doth beat
With calmer swell, subdued to thy control.

Though Care's dark shadow lies across my path,
There still is sunshine in my memory.
How oft in far-off scenes that sunshine hath
Burst forth, and melted passion to a sigh !
A passing voice, or distant music tone
Oft hath sufficed to bring thy presence nigh,
And spread thy spirit's radiance o'er my own.

With spirit-music all the world seems filled,
Our memories feed and grow upon its sound ;
We catch its cadence, and by it are thrilled
Where'er its raptured melody is found.
Yon rook which caws about the belfry there,
Instils more heaven into my soul as round
It flies, than I could reap from many a prayer.

Its caw, though harsh and shrill, re-brings the time
When thou and I together trod this place :
When, listening to the bells' devotional chime,
We entered here full-souled with hope and grace ;
And so, yon rook gives music to my heart
While sweeter sounds pass by and leave no trace,
For of our past no voice do they impart.

I'd weep for thee if there were need to weep,—
Only man's selfishness weeps o'er the dead.
How many would be glad with thee to sleep,
Even could Death but give them this cold bed ;
How many more would gladly join thee here
Could they but win thy holy calm, instead
Of tossing on the waves of endless fear.

Death hath few terrors for the joyless breast ;
Life is half death where Sorrow constant stays ;
So, nearer Death and nearer God, some rest
Were gained did not Despair come o'er our days.
O patience ! did'st thou but on sorrow wait,
Her ways would holier be than joyous ways,
And Sorrow would be life's most noble state.

O Mother! though thou'rt dead, thou sayest more
To me than all surviving voices say.
'Tis thee alone I think of as of yore.

The village haunts where once I used to play,
The village youths whom once I deemed so true,
All seem but rude distortions of a day
When thou wert brightest object of my view.

To-morrow will recall me far away,
But find me purer for my lingering here ;
Amidst these youthful scenes I could not stay,
For all the light is fled which made them dear,
Then, mother! rest thee in thy perfect sleep,
The storms which make our earthly life so drear
Can nevermore disturb thy slumber deep.

The River.

I stand by a murmurous river
That sings on its way to the sea ;
That sings a passionate story
Of things that are known but to me.

And oft on its banks I wander,
And list to its tuneful voice,
For amidst its wail of sorrow
My soul gains strength to rejoice.

Through fields and gardens it windeth,
It stoppeth nor night nor day,
And the self-same song it singeth
Whenever I pass its way.

It sings of my happy childhood,
Ere Care swooped down on my life ;
It renews the pleasant fancies
That once in my heart were rife.

When the world looked like a heaven,
When I placed firm trust in man,
When no voice was a voice of sadness
And life seemed more than a span.

When sitting here in the sunset
Till the last red streak had died,
I thought I should breathe for ever
In the glow of that youthful pride.

It sings a dirge o'er the sweetness
That fled with those happy days,
And brings to my mind a glory
Which time can never efface.

A glory whose brightness bred sorrow,
Whose light still steadily beams,
And throwing all else into shadow,
Like a star in the dark it seems.

Of this is the river singing
As it runs o'er miles untold,
And bears far over the ocean
The tale which can never grow old.

The cuckoo may come, and the linnet
May fill the air with his song ;
The wind may sigh o'er the corn field
As the shadows go floating along ;

Yet the river sings far above them,
For it sings the song of my heart,
And while other music is changing
It ever keeps true to its part.

'Twas here that we walked in the gloaming,
The light of my life and I !
'Twas here that the vows were whispered
Which memory can never let die.

But my tongue shall never upbraid her,
Shall ne'er call her false, or untrue ;
'Twas enough to see and to love her,
Too much to be loved by her too.

The radiance left by her presence
Throws a halo over my soul ;
And the voice that thrilled with its music
I still hear in the river's roll.

Thus the river sings of my sorrow,
Thus it sings of my former joy ;
And the sorrow becomes so holy
It ceases my soul to annoy.

From its nest far under the mountain
Till it sinks on the breast of the sea,
The river keeps up its singing
Through glen, through wood, and through lea.
Through fields and gardens it windeth,
It stoppeth nor night nor day,
And the self-same song it singeth
Whenever I pass its way.

A Vision of Spring.

WITH mind o'erclouded by the mists of grief,
My memory flitting to a long past joy;
With heart all numbed and senseless to relief,
Spurning hope from me, calling it decoy
To lure the heart for Misery to destroy:
Life seemed a desert without one green glade
To rest the soul or turn the eye's annoy;
Baffled resolves and yielded chances made
The past a long drear pathway of eternal shade.

Lonely I sat within my cheerless room,
Longing for Death to lift me from despair,
When lo! my wearied eyes saw from the gloom
A spirit rise, like incense in the air,
With lustrous wings and backward streaming hair.
"Borne on the pinions of the warm south wind
I come," the spirit said, "and everywhere
But here, glad greeting and sweet welcome find:
Thou, thou alone, to Joy art dead, to Nature blind.

"Behold the vision I unveil to thee,
And cease thy morbid moanings o'er the past;
Think not of what thou might'st have been, but see
What yet thou mayest live to be at last.
All men are equal heirs to Nature's vast
And wond'rous beauties: they who turn aside
And heed them not, at every step do cast
A deeper shadow o'er their lives: they hide
Their birthright 'neath the falsely glittering wings of
Pride."

The spirit ceased, and waved her magic wand,
And straight, as from a cloud, before me rose
A quiet scene of glen and wooded land:
All thrills with joy as Spring glides on to loose
The chains which hold them in cold Winter's throes.
Earth's drowsy pulse doth beat with prouder swell,
The birds rejoice amidst the budding boughs,
The cuckoo's note sounds like some floating bell
That chimes soft prelude for the choirs that haunt
each dell.

Th' unfettered streams dance blithely o'er the vale,
And throw soft kisses to the smiling fields;
The meads are starred with flowers, which load the gale
With all the scents their rich luxuriance yields.
The sun's glad light floods all the earth, and wilds
With never swerving hand, the broad'ning day;
Anon, cool showers fall o'er the throbbing fields—
Like tears of joy from heav'n, or wafted spray—
And range their humid pearls in glistening array.

Fair village maids and wooing youths pass by,
And pledge their loves before the bright-eyed Spring;
Glad groups of children, yet untaught to sigh,
Disport along the glades, and proudly string
Fresh flow'rs in beauteous garlands as they sing:
Frail, aged sires, who've climbed Time's hill so long
They've reached the spot where snows eternal cling,
Walk forth, and think they live again among
Their early joys, untainted by the world's mad throng.

The vision faded and my senses woke
To new delights that chastened all my woe:
Then o'er my raptured ear, soft murmurs broke
Of birds, and bees, and lambkins bleating low,
And in my heart contentment seemed to grow.
No more I brooded o'er the buried years,
No more refused what Nature did bestow,
But wandered forth, and calmed my frenzied fears,
And shed, on Nature's balmy breast, repentant tears.

Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, D.D.

By J. HORSFALL TURNER,

EDITOR, "YORKSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES," "YORKSHIRE
COUNTY MAGAZINE," ETC.

A POET and poet-preacher should have a poet as his biographer, but what the writer hereof lacks as a poet he probably makes up in ardent admiration of the man. Robert Collyer was born at Keighley, December 8th, 1823, and when a month old travelled with his parents to their previous home at Blubberhouses. At eight years of age he was employed in the mill there (now removed to make way for Fewston Reservoirs), but in 1838, at fourteen years of age, he removed to Ilkley, to learn the blacksmith craft under old Jacky Birch, who had taught the trade to Samuel Collyer, his father, at Blubberhouses. Doing some honest work at the old smithy, the gates opposite Ilkley Church porch, to wit, he spent his leisure moments with a few kindred souls in exploring the English classics that were then appearing in cheap form, and frequently he served the Wesleyan pulpits of the district. In April, 1850, having buried his wife in Ilkley churchyard, he removed to Shoemakertown, Pennsylvania, where he remained until February, 1859, when he quitted the anvil to minister to the Unitarians at Chicago. The day before he left Old England he married a second time, and he is to-day deploring the loss, in the Fall of 1890, of the best of wives, the mother of his children. He continued to preach amongst the Methodists of Pennsylvania for a few years, but gradually became alienated, and on the recommendation of the Rev. Dr. Furness, he was appointed to the Mission Church at Chicago. From the day of his settlement the cause prospered, and a magnificent church arose. In 1871 he visited England, and his sermons and addresses commanded general notice. To show his attachment to his old home, the following extract is taken from a speech then delivered in London :—

"There has never been a moment in the twenty-one years that I
"have been absent from this land, when it has not been one of the
"proudest recollections that I came of this Old England stock; that
"my grandfather fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, and my father was
"an Englishman too, and my mother was an Englishwoman; that so
"far as I can trace my descent back and back—and that is just as far
"as my grandfather—we are all English, every one of us. Well, there
"is not a day when I stand on the lake shore, that I do not see the



“moors that were lifted up about my old habitation, and a little stone cottage nestling in among the greenery, and the glancing waters, and the lift of the lark up into heaven until you cannot see him, and a hundred other things besides, that belong to this blessed place of my birth and breeding.”

Of his mother, he always speaks with profound veneration, and we do not wonder that now and again he has fixed on Yorkshire for a holiday resort, to see historic Ilkley, the heather-clad moors of Wharfedale and Washburn, the Old Church at Fewston where he was “christened,” and gaze on the artificial lakes that cover the Blubberhouse and Fewston valley. A fortnight after his return from England in 1871, the disastrous fire at Chicago brought his grand church to ruins, and alas ! his fine Yorkshire library had also fed the flames. On the following Sunday he called together his scattered flock, and on the ruins of their church read to them the touching words from Isaiah, “Our holy and our beautiful house is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste.” With marvellous determination, they set about the erection of a more magnificent edifice again, and their preacher’s house and library, as far as possible were restored. In 1880, he left Chicago, having accepted the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah in New York. In 1883, he again visited England, and, amongst other engagements, presided at the annual excursion-gathering of the Yorkshire Archæological Association.

Besides many pamphlets and fugitive pieces (poems and prose—a prose that is full of poetry), he has published the following volumes, some of which have run to a dozen editions in America and England:—“Nature and Life,” “The Life that Now Is,” “The Simple Truth,” “Talks to Young Men,” and “An Idyll of Nantucket.” These volumes are amongst the choicest reading in the English language, and never were sermons and lectures more fascinating; whilst their catholicity befits them as worthy to be reproduced in any pulpit in the world. Those who have read them, and especially those who have heard their author speak from pulpit or platform, will endorse the popular opinion that Dr. Robert Collyer is rightly styled “the Poet-Preacher of America.”

Some years ago, Dr. Collyer wrote to me suggesting that I should compile a History of Ilkley. I agreed to make the researches (in addition to what he had done), and work conjointly, which resulted in the publication, in 1885, of “Ilkley, Ancient and Modern,” in two sizes, 8vo. and 4to. Personal, epistolary, and business associations confirm every eulogistic statement—spoken or printed—respecting one of the worthiest of Yorkshire’s Worthies.

Under the Snow.

It was Christmas Eve in the year 'fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,—
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

When waggoner John got out his team,—
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray—
With the light in his eyes of the young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day.

To Ruth, the maid of the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest blue,—
Modest and winsome and wondrous fair;
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going?" shouted mine host;
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's born;
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,—
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas Morn.

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon,
To Blueberg hooses and Washburn dale,
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south!
Turn the vines against the sun!
Herds from rivers in the drouth!
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way;
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings its deadly chill
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep;
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill,
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep;

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,—
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,—
Singing that song to his bonny bride,—
His own wife now for ever and aye.

Now read me this riddle. How Ruth should hear
That song of a heart, in the clutch of doom?
It stole on her ear, distinct and clear,
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle. How Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow,—
Dying, or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! Help!" "Lost! Lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded, and tempest-tossed,—
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,—
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,—
Pullan, Ward, Robinson, each with his light,
To find her there, holding him, white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then?"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,—
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years since come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed, the dalesman cried,
By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day;
Bonnie Ruth were my great-great-grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But, how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried, with a laughter touched with tears.
"Nay, lads," he said softly, "we never can know,
No, not if we live a hundred years."

"There's a sight o' things gan'
To the making o' man;"
Then I rushed to my play,
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

Saxon Grit.

WORN with the battle, by Stamford town,
Fighting the Norman, by Hastings Bay,
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,
While the acorns were falling, one autumn day.
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land,
By tenure of conquest here I sit;
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.
He took the land, and he took the men,
And burnt the homesteads from Humber to Tyne,
Made the freemen serfs by the stroke of his pen,
Eat up the corn, and drank the wine;
And said to the maiden pure and fair,
"Thou shalt be my leman, as is most fit,
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.
To the merry green-wood went bold Robin Hood,
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,
Driving the arrow into the marrow
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way:
Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,
Winning by valour or foiling by wit,
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he
That jolly old rogue with the Saxon grit.
And Kett the tanner whipt out his knife,
And Wat the Tyler his hammer brought down,
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,
And by breaking a head made a hole in the Crown.
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,
"Our life shall not be by the King's permit;
We will fight for the right—we want no more!"
Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.
For slow and sure as the oaks had grown
From the acorns falling that autumn day,
So this Saxon manhood in thorpe and town
To a nobler stature grew away.
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Standing by law and the human right,
Many times failing, never once quailing,
So the new day came out of the night.

Then rising afar in the Western Sea,
A new world stood in the dawn of the day,
Ready to welcome the brave and free
Who could wrench out their heart and march away
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,
Where the poor were held by a cruel bit,
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,
Trusting in God your fathers came,
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame,
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,
But made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,
Fearless as ever of what might befall ;
Pouring out life for the nurture of men ;
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.
Inventing baked beans, and no end of machines ;
Great with the rifle and great with the axe—
Sending their notions over the oceans,
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to see chances that end in the dollar,
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,
Maintaining the meeting, exalting the scholar,
But a little too anxious about a good trade ;
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,
Saxon men all of us may we be one,
Steady for freedom and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown
From the acorns which fell on that old dim day,
So this Saxon manhood, in city and town,
To a nobler stature will grow alway ;
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,
Slow to contention, but slower to quit,
Now and then failing, never once quailing,
Let us thank God for our Saxon grit !



Yours Truly
C. W. Craven

CAREY WILLIAMS CRAVEN,

BY THE REV. ROBERT STANSFIELD,

VICAR OF S. PETER'S, KEIGHLEY.

CAREY WILLIAMS CRAVEN was born at Keighley, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, April 23rd, 1855, where his father, assisted by his sons, as the reward of much perseverance and industry, has built up one of the principal bookselling concerns in the town. The future local poet received his early education at the elementary schools, of which he has but lately contributed to the "Keighley Herald" some interesting and amusing reminiscences. Indeed, from the time when he was young in years there have appeared constantly in the local press poetical and descriptive sketches from his versatile pen, which have been widely read. He has always evinced the keenest interest in questions concerning the welfare of his native town, and by his public speeches, decided attitude, and independent judgment, has established his claim to influence, and a voice in the settlement of questions affecting local government. The refinement and sympathetic tenderness of his many poetical compositions have also been very noticeable, and have made his name widely known in the valley of Airedale. In 1884 he published a collection of his poems under the title of a "Wreath of Flowers," which still further extended his reputation as an author of attractive verse. In the same year he wrote the historical introduction to Craven's Directory of Keighley, Bingley and Skipton, an undertaking involving much research and literary labour, and proving Mr. Craven's true perception of the public requirements. About this time he came under the personal notice of H. I. Butterfield, Esq., of Cliffe Castle, who, ever ready to foster and encourage youthful genius, generously supplied the means for an extended tour through France, Italy and Switzerland. Mr. Craven has written an account of his travels entitled "With Mr. Butterfield on the Continent," which obtained a ready and popular sale. His friendship with Mr. Butterfield has always been of the most kindly nature. Mr. Craven has a keen appreciation of wit and humour, of which his successful editorship of the "Keighley and Airedale Tattler" in the years 1885-6 gives abundant evidence. In 1886 he commenced business on his own account, all the while pursuing his literary avocations, as shown by numerous miscellaneous poems, tales, and sketches. Two of his odes on the Queen's Jubilee, 1887, were graciously accepted by Her Majesty. In 1889 a volume appeared from

the press of Mr. E. Craven, Keighley, containing, under the title of "Poems," one hundred and twenty seven pages of Mr. Craven's best pieces. The book met with much commendation, and still further extended the reputation of its author. Following on this in the same year came a smaller work bearing the title of "The Eiffel Tower, and other Poems." Mr. Craven's active interest in public affairs led to his nomination to seats on the Keighley School Board and Keighley Town Council, both of which positions he won after somewhat severe contests. His shrewd grasp of multifarious business, and the assiduity with which he has applied himself to the arduous duties of a popular representative, have more than justified the confidence reposed in him, notwithstanding that the independence of his judgment has not always found favour in partizan strife. While Mr. Craven does not neglect the lighter and more congenial pleasures of the poetic muse, he has shown that he can apply himself with painstaking devotion and perseverance to the welfare of his fellow townsmen. He is deserving of a successful career in both spheres of useful life.

A Christmas Wish.

To one who's proved so true a friend
 A heartfelt message now I send—
 A wish that at this festive time
 For him the bells will cheerful chime,
 And stir the memories of the past,
 To dwell on spots where joy is cast;
 And when is rung the doubtful change,
 From certain past to future strange,
 May every happiness attend
 His course unto the distant end;
 And at its close, O! may there be,
 A Christmas in eternity!

The Brontës.

AMONGST the hills with heather clad
 These strange and marvellous spirits grew,
 Admiring nature in its strength,
 With it they formed a compact true.

The fragile forms, as hand in hand
They lovingly the bleak path trod,
Might scarcely think how great a name
Would follow from their trust in God.

Discouraged not by fortune's frown,
In hope they struggled bravely on,
Nor ceased to labour for the right
Till Death proclaimed the victory won.

Save one, and he a genius born,
In wild rebellion sunk to nought ;
O ! what a noble soul was here,
Had he his sisters' faith but sought.

The good old father, upright, stern,
In secret of his children proud,
He watched their efforts to be great,
Yet spoke his praises not aloud.

The fearless Ellis, bending not,
Whate'er her pathway might beset,
She fought with death up to the last,
And bravely paid her human debt.

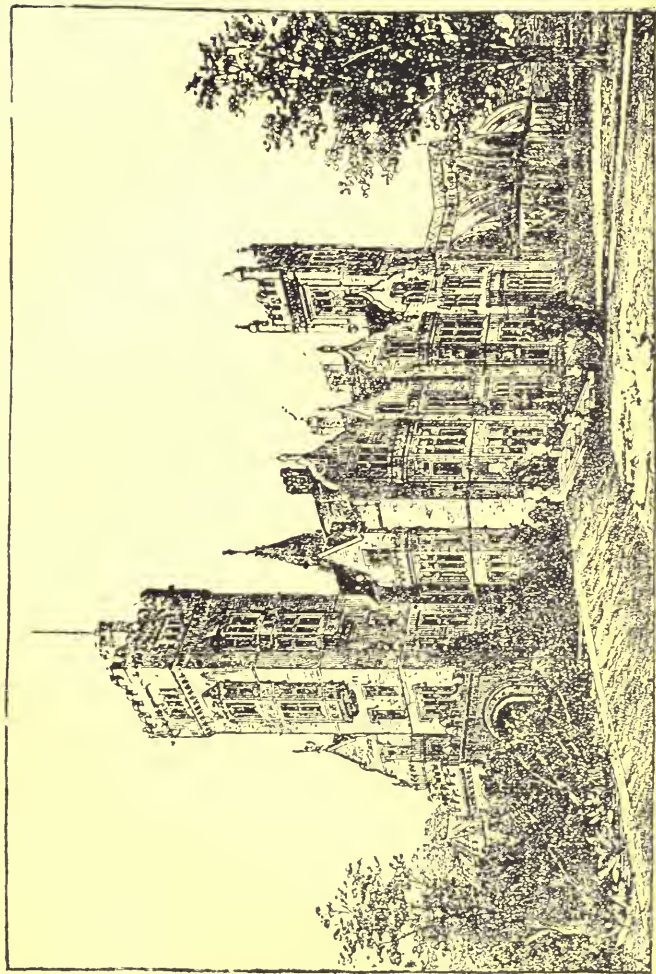
And Acton, gently good to all,
Shrinking from jarring worldly strife,
She lived resigned, and passed away,
Peace crowning her unerring life.

A little longer Currer stayed,
The greatest of the magic three,
But ere she went the world bowed down
And worshipped her ability.

The summer's sun may radiant smile,
Dark winter's cold wind howl and blast,
But after these have ceased to be,
The sisters' fame shall ever last.

Enshrined in memory's dearest nook,
Their works immortal have a rest,
Humbly I now this tribute pay
To such as rank among the best.

CLIFFE CASTLE, KEIGHLEY.



THE YORKSHIRE SEAT OF H. J. BATTERFIELD, ESQ.

Cliffe Castle.

O NOBLE structure ! statelier far
Than many homes of ancient name,
Though history has no claims on thee,
Thou still may'st lend to it some fame.

No armed retainers guard thy walls,
No titled lords within there be,
But thou a grand example art,
Of what is gained by industry.

The clippings of the woolly flocks,
The labour of the skilful hands,
The ceaseless clickings of the loom—
These formed the rock on which thou stands.

The merchant's quick, far-seeing eye,
Stretched far unto a foreign shore,
Wealth risked upon the stormy sea,
That safely landed would be more.

These enterprises yielded gain
To hands and hearts of sterling worth,
And now the fruits are spread around
The town which gave unto them birth.

Yet all the path has not been decked
With joy unmixed by grief and woe ;
The band of six reduced to one,
Is depth of sorrow borne by few.

But mourning shall not last for aye,
The minstrel song shall joyful sound,
And 'mid the throng of circles gay
The festive cup again pass round.

Where stand the castellated towers,
Stretching so proudly to the sky,
And crystal coverings to the flowers
That with the best of nature vie ;

From off the richly verdant hills,
As looking o'er the sluggish Aire,
Across whose placid waters rise
A mass of wood and moorland bare,

There lies the stone where Robin Hood
Took shelter when he was pursued,
While near is Rivock's gloomy peak,
With nature's wildest state imbued.

And the old Hall of Riddlesden,
Link'd closely with the long-gone past,
And Howden's pretty woodland scenes,
Where nature's loveliest moods are cast.

Bank House, where oft the careless youth
Received a taste of Jackson's rod,
Until the pedant's flesh and bone
Was revered like to a god.

And Willow Bank, the cultured home
Of ornamental trees and flowers,
Together with dear, sweet Gill Grange,
Where memory pictures pleasant hours.

Nearer do lie familiar spots,
Where childhood rambled free from pain,—
Long will it be ere are forgot
The "Friendly Oaks" and old "Dark Lane."

And as the eye stretches apace,
The spacious cricket sward is viewed,
Where bat and ball are wielded well,
And health and strength again renewed.

Now sorrow lends its gloomy pall,
And points to where the dear ones rest,
Where Keighley's noblest sons are laid,
And peace their wearied frames has blest.

Here on the stilly Sabbath day,
Friends to their loved ones' tombs repair,
And bring before their minds again
The image of what's buried there.

And ancient Utley's noisy rooks
In lofty trees incessant cry;
While Hawcliffe's grand romantic wood,
Near to the busy road doth lie.

Even higher still, unto the heights
Where Whinburn's gallant knight did dwell,
From rich Cliffe Castle may be seen
More than the tongue or pen can tell.

Within its roomy corridors,
Sculpture and art have found a place,
With treasures brought from far and wide,
And relics culled from every race.

Cliffe Castle, Keighley now is proud
In thee such wonders to possess ;
Long may'st thou stand a monument
To shield, to shelter, and to bless.

Retained by one of Keighley's sons,
Who to his native town still clings,
His early days are not forgot,
And wealth its part of honour brings.

May generations still to come,
With native pride gaze on the spot,
And point unto the stranger's eye
Thy glories, ne'er to be forgot.

Jubilee Ode.

THROUGHOUT the world—in every clime
Where British hearts have been—
This year shall witness festive deeds
In honour of our Queen,
From east to west, from north to south,
Her mighty power is known,
And countless millions in her praise
Shall cheer the British Crown.

For fifty years her light has beamed
Resplendent o'er our land,
And for the good of all mankind
She's nobly worked and planned.
'Neath her our friends have closer grown,
Our enemies have fled ;
And where was once but barren waste
Rich plenty reigns instead.

Then let each voice, with joyful strain,
A tribute to her pay;
Long may she o'er our Empire rule,
And wield her loving sway.
With her upon the throne our homes
Shall nothing have to fear,
So for the year of jubilee
Give each a hearty cheer.

And as to-day upon this spot
A monument we raise,
In memory of her happy reign
The tower shall speak her praise;
And Hawkcliffe's wooded heights shall show
Forgot she has not been,
By those who from their hearts esteem
Victoria, England's Queen!

On a Gift of Roses.

To each fair maid, with snowy hand,
Who such a graceful gift have planned,
My thanks sincere I grateful send,
And with them best of wishes blend.
The Queen of Flowers I dearly prize,
No one who did not could be wise,
And I will keep them till decay
Has made their sweetness pass away;
Yet even then my mind shall dwell
On vows of love that roses tell.



EDWARD COLLINSON.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

I CAN obtain but scant information of this Author, and after a painstaking inquiry I have been unable to find either the date or place of his birth. It is extremely probable that he was for some years a resident of Bingley. In 1836, E. Keighley, of Bradford, printed a volume entitled "Poems by E. Collinson and M. A. Farrar," 218 pages. Alm. Holroyd, in his "Garland of Poetry," mentions the work, and quotes a poem entitled "The Death of Sampson;" he says "Edward Collinson died at West Witton, December 22nd, 1872, and was buried in the churchyard of that place on Christmas Day, by the side of John James, F.S.A., author of 'History of Bradford.'" Newsam, in his "Poets of Yorkshire," mentions Collinson as living at Chapel House, Grassington, but he does not quote any of his poems. I give two poems from the work alluded to, though I am unable to determine whether they were written by Collinson or Farrar.

Bingley Tide.

FAR music from the distant vale,
Comes floating on mine ear,
And sounds of mirth are on the gale,
Whose voice alone is drear;
Can, then, the thousand hearts that beat
With rapture at the brief deceit,
No after anguish fear?
Nor dream the dark relapse of pride
Must wake remorse at Bingley Tide?
Yet haply is the feast of mirth
With bliss as feelings rife,
The hours they deem the best on earth
Then light the gloom of life;
And happier, than in regal hall
Is pride at princely festival,
With symbol, flute and fife,
Are they, though wiser lips deride,
In stirring glee at Bingley Tide.

“The dance, the revel, and the song !
These best fill up the heart !”
Exclaim the widely-festal throng,
“And why should these depart ?
The day shall bring us high delight,
Which love shall soothe to bliss at night
When happy, and apart,
The absorbing sense of souls allied
Shall thrill the breast at Bingley Tide.”
For, in that meeting of the glen
Full many a glancing eye
Shall kindle, with its magic then,
Affections pure and high :
For beauty spoils the feeble soul
Of all its boasted self control,—
And stoics learn to sigh,
That woman’s glance can turn aside,
Their stern resolve, at Bingley Tide.
Blest Eden of the limpid Aire,
From year to peaceful year,
Men’s hearts confess thy daughters fair,
And virtue makes them dear !
Bloom on ! and in that after time
Which waits them in a fairer clime
The soul shall wander here,
Recalling, with delight and pride,
Remembrance sweet of Bingley Tide.

The Destruction of Pompeii.

THE demon came down in the silence of night,
When the revel was high in the halls of delight :
And, chilled by the blight of his pestilent breath,
That proud city’s thousands grew nerveless in death !
Too brief for her mirth—for her safety too long—
Was that bright hour of revelry, gladness, and song :
For darkly, that night, the destroyer swept past,
And her bravest fell withered, like leaves in the blast !
Like the stream from the mountain, the sultry Simoom,
When it sweeps on its lone path of ruin and gloom,
Came the foe,—like the breath of the hurricane’s gust,
Swept her wrath o’er that city, and left her in dust !

SILAS CRYER.

By A. E. ELLISON, M.D.S., F.S.A.

MR. CRYER is a good example of the motto *poeta nascitur non fit*. He is gifted with the true spirit of poetry, and though most of his efforts are simple and common-place, here and there will be found a line sparkling with promise and full of genius. He was born at Barnoldswick on August 12th, 1840, but at the age of two years he removed to Bingley, where he had an uninterrupted residence of over thirty years. Since then he has resided at Keighley, where he is engaged as a compositor on the staff of the "Herald." Whilst at Bingley he was employed by Mr. Dobson, at whose establishment he assisted to print the volume of William Dixon's Poems, mentioned on p. 69. Mr. Cryer is the author of "Leisure Musings," 72 pp., printed in 1876, (from which the two poems appended are taken); "Keep to Right" "The Better Country," and many other small works.

Go a Skylark.

HAPPY Skylark, soaring in the heav'ns so free;
Gladly God adoring, blest with liberty.
Thine is surely pleasure which no cares annoy;
Sporting at thy leisure, nought can mar thy joy.
Pretty little creature, we might envy thee;
Gladdening now all nature with thy melody;
Cheerfully while mounting on thy merry wing;
Yet no grief recounting, thou dost welcome Spring.
Thou art never weary in thy lofty flight;
And thy course ne'er dreary, till quite out of sight;
By thy music teaching all may happy be;
This brief sermon preaching—"Come, rejoice with me!"
Thus thy notes so thrilling, cheer the burden'd heart;
Grief's emotions stilling, peace and joy impart;
So may we while steering through this world of ill,
Leave some footprints cheering, tending heavenward still.
Thou art e'er contented with thy chosen lot,
As 'tis ne'er lamented, so thou pinest not;
May we, from thee learning to be blithe and gay,
God's kind care discerning, trust in Him to-day.

Thou art never thinking of thy future lot ;
 From no sorrows shrinking, so they harm thee not ;
 May we, from all sorrow, like thee rise above ;
 Leave the coming morrow to a God of love.

Yea, like thee, submitting to our Maker's will,
 Trust Him unremitting, for His favour still :
 Like thee, never grumble, but to God resign'd,
 Bear our lot, though humble, with a thankful mind.

From Him ev'ry blessing comes, but undeserv'd :
 Things, to us distressing, in His love reserved ;
 Who, in mercy caring for e'en birds which fly,
 Still our wants He's bearing 'neath His watchful eye !

A Voice from the Streamlet.

HARK ! the gushing streamlet, rippling through the wood,
 Tells in language plainly—God is wise and good :
 List ! methinks it whispers—"I was made for man :
 Look ! I run so freely, all may drink who can."

"Little warblers gladly sip along my shore,
 Giants of the forest hail my gentle roar ;
 They are led by instinct, reason prompts man's choice :
 They submit and listen, but man shuns its voice."

"Appetite and passion reason's laws pervert,
 And the noxious bev'rage does him mental hurt :
 So, intoxicated, reason prostrate lies,
 And all manly feeling soon within him dies !"

"Thus an abject creature he is made by drink.
 And, unconscious, see him dragg'd to ruin's brink !
 Why transform God's blessing to a deadly curse ?
 And, by greedy drinking, make the error worse ?"

"Why refuse to like me in my crystal state,
 And defile my nature with what all must hate ?
 I am sent to bless you by the God of love :
 From the hills I travel, or the clouds above."

"Nature, clad in beauty, with each flower and tree,
 Soon would droop and wither, unsustain'd by me :
 Man, receive me wisely, always use me right,
 And I then shall yield thee nothing but delight."

So, real temp'rance learning from the bounding rill,
 Let us ever practise and pursue it still ;
 Ne'er reject the offer of its kind reproof,
 But defend it bravely, and ne'er stand aloof.

WILLIAM DIXON.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

WILLIAM DIXON was a native of Steeton, born in 1829, died in 1868. I have not been able to gather much information of his career. Mr. Grainge, in his "Poets of Yorkshire," says "He was born of humble parents, self-educated and brought up to the business of a woolcomber. He afterwards became a watchmaker and working jeweller." In 1853 John Dobson, of Bingley, printed for him a 192 pp. volume entitled "The Poetical Works of William Dixon; including Epistles, Pleasures of Meditation, Melodies, etc., with preface by the Author." From this preface I take the following:—"Having never figured in the world as an author, by appearing in newspapers, periodicals, journals, and the like, I am entirely unknown to the public, which may be my misfortune, cause me to be severely reproached by such as, without any information from whom this collection has sprung, may expect to find something great and admirable. This is my first attempt, the notes to which, I have omitted, to avoid expense; and, if in publishing such a paltry production, I have been too bold before the world, I am ready to fall upon my knees and sue for pardon. To conclude: no lucrative views can have allured me to this transgression, since the number of volumes I have printed will little more than pay my publishers, if they do greatly; and I anticipate no better reward than that, if this work meets with acceptance, I shall feel myself amply remunerated."

Œread not where Kings and Heroes lie.

TREAD not upon the silent tombs,
Where kings and heroes lie;
But round their everlasting homes,
Stoop, meditate, and sigh!
These are the ruins of the brave—
This is heroic clay—
A warrior sleeps in ev'ry grave,
Thus glory glides away.
Oft have I heard my sire relate
Their mighty deeds of yore,
And when he spoke, he call'd them great,
As thousands did before.
Their names are on the sands of time,
Inscrib'd and daily read,
And millions cry in ev'ry clime,
"These are the valiant dead!"

Sleep on, ye warriors, sleep and rest,
While flowers upon ye bloom,
And dew drops lightly on your breast
Declare how sad your doom.
Immortal shades, to mem'ry dear,
Though mournful thoughts take birth,
And call forth many a silent tear
To greet your honour'd earth.

The Banks of Aire.

WHEN the village bell rings,
And the vesper bird sings,
In the sweet blooming copse of the vale—
When the sun sinks to rest,
'Yond the hills in the west,
And the zephyr breathes through the sweet dale—
When the crystal dews fall,
And the partridges call,
As to sleep's verdant couch they repair—
I'll away to the bower
Where I've spent many an hour,
With my love on the green banks of Aire.
There the slender willow grows
O'er the stream as it flows,
And the pale lily waves in the breeze ;
Like a beautiful maid,
In some solitary shade,
Lightly veil'd by the shadow of trees :
And as Hesperus shines
O'er the hill, clad with pines,
And delights the sweet soul of my fair ;
I'll embrace her at e'en,
In the bower where we've been,
All alone on the green banks of Aire.
Recollection still gleams,
And my fanciful dreams
Bring the scenes of my childhood to view—
How I sported in mirth,
Round the spot of my birth,
When the sweet hours of youth swiftly flew !
Those fair walks I have blest,
And my mem'ry shall rest

On the past with a song and a prayer ;
 And in years yet to come,
 I may rapturously roam
 With my love on the green banks of Aire.
 'Twould be folly to be sad,
 When all nature is glad ;
 And, exempted from anguish and strife,
 Let the pulse madly play,
 And the aspect be gay,
 And the drooping soul leap back to life :
 Ere maturity's woes
 Shall engrave on our brows,
 The deep furrows of trouble and care,
 Let me snatch some sweet hours,
 'Mong the beautiful bowers,
 With my love on the green banks of Aire.

In Days when we were Young.

CANST thou forget those blissful hours,
 Of merriment and glee,
 When first I twin'd a wreath of flowers,
 And gave it, love, to thee ?
 Around our feet the waters play'd,
 And birds above us sung,
 While vernal blossoms perfumes spread,
 In days when we were young.
 The flowers that bloom'd are wither'd now,
 The emblems of our youth,
 When first we learn'd with zeal to bow
 At Venus' shrine of truth.
 'Twas then, the fields elysian seem'd,
 When groves with music rung,
 And from each eye affection beam'd,
 In days when we were young.
 Oft when I think on that delight,
 In life's maturer years,
 The present seems eternal night—
 A vale of sighs and tears.
 Oh ! that I had not liv'd to see
 My heart so sorely wrung,
 But pass'd away like infancy,
 In days when we were young.

JOHN EVANS.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

JOHN EVANS, by trade a woolcomber, was born at Pilton, in Somerset, in 1818, and died at Keighley on the 25th September, 1873. He was a resident of Bradford and Keighley nearly forty years, at which towns he published several small books of verse, under the titles of "The Emigrant," "Village Scenes," "The Peacher," &c. In 1848 he issued a 12 pp. pamphlet on "The Progress of Intemperance," in decasyllabic verse (Bradford: Benjamin Walker, Market Street). From it I make the following extract.

Intemperance.

YON golden orb obscured may faintly smile,
Its brilliant disc be darkened for awhile;
The lightning sit enthroned upon a cloud,
And bid the gloom depart in thunder loud:—
May lift his hand invisible on high,
And mark his anger on the dusky sky,
Its fiery curves the wondering world appal,
Like omens written on Belshazzar's wall;
Heaven's dread artillery with mighty power,
Cleave the tough oak or shake the stedfast tower,
The panic stricken cloud dissolve in tears,
And sneak away indicative of fears,
Or vainly tarry to arrest its course,
Till flashes pierce it and dispel by force:
Yet these but form an awful simile,
Of what frail man intemperate must be;
His blood exalted might oppress the brain,
Till some opposing pow'rs its force restrain;
Or, by the impulse of contraction, dart,
Distend the veins and paralyze a part
Which, if obstructed, it would soon devour;
But melancholy curbs its lawless power,
As sunny life or gloomy death assails,
Frantic or dull insanity prevails;
If, in life's path they linger undisturbed,
The power relax which vital motion curbed,
A fit succeeds, and compromising strife
Adjusts the vagrant tendencies of life.

JOHN DAWSON FOX.

BY REV. M. KNOWLSON,

MINISTER, PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, BINGLEY.

JOHN DAWSON FOX was born on February 25th, 1849, in the village of Harden, near Bingley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. When very young he was committed to the care of grandparents, and spent with them the first twelve years of his life, and pleasant are the recollections of these early years. When twelve years of age his grandparents died, and life lost to him much of its sweetness, but he had neither time or disposition to yield to a mournful, morbid spirit. He saw clearly that he must now work and care for himself. A poor little cripple girl, who had found a home beneath the same roof, also claimed his sympathy, and with a view of doing something for both, he removed to Bingley, where he found employment at the Victoria Mill at a small weekly wage of five shillings. For several years he remained in the factory, gradually advancing in position and influence. His ambition was, however, to rise in the world. The position of Secretary and Librarian at the Bingley Mechanics' Institute becoming vacant, he applied for the post, received the appointment, and continued there thirteen years. In the meantime he married Maria, the youngest daughter of the late Jones and Martha Coulton, of Harden Beck. Family cares and responsibilities increasing, he determined on another change, and with much fear and trembling left the institute for a position of risk and speculation, becoming the organising agent for a local Insurance Company. This did not succeed as he had anticipated, through circumstances over which he had no control. He is now engaged in a business of his own making viz., Wholesale Dealer in Specialities in Drugs. In this he is likely to remain, as by plodding persistent effort he has made it a success, notwithstanding the difficulties which to some men of less tact and perseverance would have been impossible. Mr. Fox is a gentleman much respected and esteemed by all who know him, and by those who know him best he is most loved and revered. This is proved by the positions of honour and responsibility the church of his choice has put upon him. He has been a Primitive Methodist Local Preacher over twenty years, has represented his circuit in District Meeting on two occasions, and has once sat as Delegate in the highest assembly of the Connexion the Conference. He is Superintendent of the Sunday School and President (for the fourth time in succession) of the Primitive Methodist Christian Associa-



tion. He is a persistent temperance advocate. Respecting his literary productions much might be said. He published a few years ago a little work entitled "The Preachers' Register," which received the favourable testimony of Canon Farrar and other distinguished divines, having had a sale of over 2,000. Recently he published a beautiful Service of Song entitled "The Struggles of a Village Lad," which is having a large sale. In addition to the narrative, three of the hymns are from the pen of Mr. Fox. As a poet he most excels as a hymn writer. Many of his effusions will doubtless be found in the best hymnals of the future. We append two specimens of his writings: that entitled "Someday" we consider a perfect gem. We may further intimate that it is the intention of Mr. Fox to publish, ere long, in book form the whole of his poems. We trust that when published they will find a ready sale and increase the already extending fame of our subject.

Someday.

THE word falls softly on our ears,
 What meaning doth that word convey!
 Uttered in smiles, expressed with tears,
 Hopeful, and cheering word—Someday.

'Tis happy childhood's voice we hear—
 Those little boys and girls at play—
 How confident, and void of fear
 They speak of one grand, sweet—Someday.

Bright, sunny, happy, golden hours;
 A fairy life so good and gay;
 A pathway strew'd with fairest flowers,
 All yet to come, of course,—Someday.

Youth's restless, ever-wondering age,
 Whose actions never dormant lay,
 Doth often place upon the stage
 The pleasing drama, called—Someday.

One scene the memory will retain,
 Though other scenes may pass away,
 'Tis where the lovers meet, they twain
 Breathe forth the whisper'd word—Someday.

To love and wait they promise fair,
And for each other oft do pray
That God will take beneath His care
Those two, and make them one—Someday.

The man of business seeks to find
Some refuge on life's onward way ;
Something to give him peace of mind
Amidst the threat'nings of—Someday.

Hence faith and hope, with mind and will,
Are called important parts to play ;
If now the journey be up hill,
It may be on the plain—Someday.

Though for a while the sun may hide
Behind the clouds his cheering ray,
But clouds disperse ! and in his pride
The sun will shine again—Someday.

Come prosperous gale, thou envied guest,
Waft to yon tranquil, sheltered bay,
That calm retreat, so oft in quest,
All, all desire to gain—Someday.

Spring, summer, autumn, now are fled,
Arrived, the season of decay ;
Who hath not on life's page oft read,
The dying will be dead—Someday ?

'Tis evening now, 'twill soon be night—
What changes since life's merry May ;
Pleasure and pain, through shade and light,
Have been, and will be, till—Someday.

But soon the last great change will come,
It cannot very long delay ;
Ah, no ! life's barque is nearing home,—
Sweet thought ! shall anchor there—Someday.

Strength, vigour, fail,—impaired the sight,—
Blest promise—never dying stay,
“ At evening time it shall be light,”
All light beyond, no night,—Someday.

The Voice of Love.

THY name is sweet, where dwellest thou ?
Thy nature we would feel and know ;
Say, wast thou born, and dost thou grow ?
O tell us, tell us where and how !

Born ! True, says love, but not on earth,
My birthplace was in heaven above,
God was the author of my birth :
In Him I live, for "God is love."

But where my author lives I live,
Above, below, throughout all space ;
Blessings possessed by me I give
To creatures all, of every race.

My mission is to bless, not curse ;
I help to bear the ills of life ;
I make this world better, not worse ;
I bring peace, joy, amidst its strife.

Just like a little child I grow,
Appearing first a little bud,
But like the tiny seed you sow,
Becomes a giant in the wood.

Scarcely perceived, my magic wand
In various forms at first appears :
You feel me as I shake your hand ;
You see me in the falling tears.

Often I give a sigh—a look—
My earnest longings to impart :
They are the index to the book—
The keys that open oft the heart.

In thoughts, words, actions, I reside ;
I press my passion on your cheek ;
I wish you ever by my side ;
I'm strongest when I'm counted weak.

The poor are rich who me embrace ;
The rich are poor who know me not ;
My presence every home may grace,
Alike the palace and the cot.

JOSEPH HARDACRE.

By PERCY MILLIGAN, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

JOSEPH HARDACRE, or Hardaker, for he signed his name in both ways, was born at Lees, a hamlet a mile wide of Haworth, in the year 1790. It is not certain that he was brought up to any trade, but the probability is that, as his parents were only poor hill-side farmers, they would have to eke out their living by hand-woolcombing, the almost universal means of existence in the district at that day, and, undoubtedly, young Hardacre would have his share to do towards the family purse. Physically he was a poorly, delicate man, of broken constitution; a condition which gave him great and continued mental distress. His parents were Protestants, and Hardacre followed in the same belief until in middle age, he became a Roman Catholic, and died in that faith in the year 1840. He was never married. He was almost entirely self-educated, a capital debater, a dabbler in several of the sciences, and a good speaker. He started the first druggist's shop in Haworth, and by his attention and abilities, soon drew to the place the best people of the neighbourhood; he supplemented this business



THE OLD CHURCH AT HAWORTH IN THE TIME OF HARDACRE
AND VICARLATE OF MR. BRONTË.

by acting, during several years, as clerk to solicitors in Keighley, and only relinquished this employment on account of failing health, when he retired to the old home at Haworth to die. His remains lie in the

old churchyard. Old Patrick Brontë and his son Bramwell, were his friends; indeed, all the best in position, education and wealth of the district took pleasure in honouring Joe with custom and countenance, more, I fancy, for his native talents and evident intellectual superiority, than for the meagre accommodation his shop afforded. He was the author of three volumes of verse: "Poems: Lyric and Moral," printed by Inkersley of Bradford, in 1822, pp. 151; "The Aeropterion, or Steam Carriage," printed by Aked of Keighley, in 1830; and "The Bridal of Tomar," printed by Charles Crabtree of Keighley, in 1831, pp. 144. The first poem is from "Poems: Lyric and Moral;" the second from "The Bridal of Tomar."

The Author's Cot in Ruins.

DESERTED, in ruins, a wreck upon earth,

A lone, uninhabited shed:

Thou once pleasing cottage, the place of my birth,
Thy juvenile pleasures are fled!

No longer the embers, with glimmering blaze,

Enliven, and cheer the lone cot:

The place that shone gay in the best of my days,
Is a dark and a desolate spot.

The doors creak with age, and the walls are grown green,

No longer to storms are they proof;

Thro' chinks, and thro' crevices, winds whistle keen,
And fast drops the rain thro' the roof.

That roof, though a ruinous aspect it wears;

Tho' humble, 'twas cleanly and neat:

Tho' mould'ring, and tott'ring, and nodding in years,
It once was my fav'rite retreat.

No more on the hearth, at the close of the day,

Must I seat myself calm and serene;

Where oft with agility springing away,
The chirruping crickets were seen.

'Twas then that the best of my moments were past,
Were thoughtlessly, heedlessly spent :
The pleasures of youth were too fleeting to last,
And I grieve for their loss, and lament.

The dawn of my days, like a morning in May,
Rose radiant, and calm, and serene ;
But, ah ! it is past—it is hurried away :
Like a gay, transient dream it has been.

The morn of my youth was serene ; but full soon
It became in effulgence less bright :
And, ah ! if the day's thus beclouded at noon,
How dark are the prospects of night.

To me, dearest place on the surface of earth,
Tho' lone and deserted its mien ;
In winter, an infant, I basked on its hearth ;
In summer I play'd on the green.

But gone are those pleasures, no more to return :
Their value I long shall retain :
I grieve for their loss, I regret, and I mourn,
But ne'er must enjoy them again.

But why should a poor, feeble fabric of clay,
Indulge in despair, and repine ?
Its mould'ring ruins, its fall, and decay,
May serve to remind me of mine.

Old age, from long habit, gives little alarm,
To the young, the unthinking, and gay :
But beauty must perish, and wither each charm,
And grandeur itself die away.

Man wrinkles with age, and is weary with toil,
As years waft him on from his prime :
And 'graven on all that exist for a while
We trace the stern finger of time.

The cot, and the palace that shelters a crown,
Are subject alike to decay :
For nature and matter, like grass that is mown,
Must perish and wither away.

Magdalene.

CLAD in her sable penitence, she seem'd
Lovelier to look upon, and sweeter far
Than when of softest dalliance she dream'd,
And reckless revel'd, a frail fallen star,
Timely reclaim'd in time to be redeem'd.
Farewell that glare that sat upon her charms,
Like some foul stain on jewel most esteem'd!
That holy fire which the chaste bosom warms,
Melted her soul, now amiable deem'd,
For in her eyes an heavenly lustre beam'd,

Prostrate she fell before her injured Lord,
And bathed His feet in penitential tears ;
She sigh'd, and wept, then worshipp'd and adored,
Till like sweet music whispering in her ears,
She heard a voice that bid her be restored ;
Thus did she come, and go, and come again,
Hearing forgiveness from th' eternal word ;
Heaven suffered for her, and she soothed its pain,
And bent, and kneel'd and fervently implored,
And grateful thus her holy unction poured.

The world grew dull to her—its lures and wiles
No longer luring were, nor sought, nor given,
And its soft blandishments and artful smiles,
With soul half-raptured, but to be half-riven ;
All this, the phantom that at best beguiles,
No longer known to her, for she had striven,
And striven well, to think of them no more,
Save in her sorrowing penitence when shriven,
She had set foot upon a better shore,
Nor looked she back like one inconstant driven.
But kept her eye devoutly fixed on heaven.

MALCOLM W. HILLES, L.R.C.S.I.

BY CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

DR. HILLES resided in Keighley several years, from about 1877 to 1880, where he had obtained the appointment of Medical Officer to the Local Board of Health. During his stay at Keighley he contributed poems, almost weekly, to the local press, and also published, in 1879, through E. Craven, book-seller, two dramatic poems, each fool-scap 4to: "The King and the Protector," and "A Queen's Love." I have not been able to find much matter for a biography of Dr. Hilles. From a glance at the *Medical Directory*, I find he studied at Dublin, and took the qualification of Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, in 1831, after which he was appointed Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology to the Westminster Hospital. He was Civil Surgeon to the Forces in the Crimea, and author of the following works: "British Dissector," "On Hernia," "Essentials of Physiology," "Regional Anatomy," "Diseases of London Residents;" besides which he contributed articles to the *Lancet* and *Medical Times*. For some years the doctor resided in London, where, in all probability he died about six years ago, as in 1883 his address in the *Medical Directory* was given as London, and the following year his name was absent. I give an extract from page 6 of "A Queen's Love."

[A Room in St. James' Palace. CECIL at a table covered with papers.]

CECIL—This new born fondness of our love-sick queen
For the young Lord of Essex bodes not good;
Leicester has ceased to charm, and would appoint
A scion of his house to fill his place,
And gain new honours for his next of kin;
He hath too often crossed me in my path,
And now would place another in my way,
When age and sickness renders him unfit
For place and power. I will not have it so,
This youthful lord already hath obtained
More honours than are just, and would usurp

Some higher still. He must be checked in time,
His fiery temper and impatient soul
Are the best means for me to work upon—
His love too, for the Lady Sydney,
Her close attention to him e'en at Court—
Although the Queen, so blinded with her love,
Doth see it not—will serve my purpose well.
Haply the Queen doth favour his intents
To check my power, and would a rival make
Of him to me ; I know her weakness, and
Can turn and twist her round my finger ends.
'Tis but to make her jealous of this lord,
And I shall turn the weapon that she meant
To wound me with, against her proper self.
I shall appoint a spy to wait on him,
Who shall report to me his every step :
And if I find him tripping in the least,
Shall catch him as the angler hooks his fish,
And play him, till I land him in my net,
Flat on his back ; 'tis but a little now
That takes one's head from off his shoulder's clean,
And though Her Majesty doth spare the axe,
When that she may with safety to herself—
Let me but rouse her fears, her jealousy,
Turn her new born love to bitter hate,
And my good lord may haply lose his head—
'Tis a most potent remedy, and doth save
A world of trouble in these shifting times.
I wonder that I've kept my own so long :
The youthful lord is cousin to the queen,
And e'en from this suspicions may arise
That he seek to place himself upon
The throne 'pon which Her Majesty now sits.
I will appoint Sir Richard Forster to this work,
He is a subtle knave, will do my bidding well.
And now for Greenwich, where the Court rejoice,
And spend the day in wanton revelry ;
My gracious Queen will figure in the dance
As gaily now as when a giddy girl
She led the dance within St. James' Halls.

JAMES HIRD.

BY JAMES BURNLEY,

EDITOR OF "YORKSHIREMAN," AUTHOR OF "PHASES OF
BRADFORD LIFE," "YORKSHIRE STORIES RE-TOLD," ETC.

THE late Mr. James Hird, who was born in the parish of Bingley in 1810, and died at Ilkley on the 12th November, 1873, was all his life in deep sympathy with the poetic thought and aspirations, not only of his own time, but of the more famous past, and was himself a poet of no mean order. Belonging, as he was proud to own, to the self-educated class of writers, his achievements cannot but be regarded as of considerable importance, for although his muse was mainly content with homely themes and did not soar beyond the limits of a rather limited experience, it was always sincere, and full of heart and sympathy. In early life he experienced much of the evils and hardships of that ill-starred period of factory life upon which Richard Oastler let in the flood of popular indignation, and many of his poems had for their subjects incidents or reflections connected with those dark days. His pen was frequently exerted in futherance of the 'Ten Hours' Movement, and he never wearied of singing the praises of Oastler, Bull, Wood, and other champions of that well fought crusade. He had himself, as he relates in a note to one of his poems, been sent by his widowed mother to work in the factory when only six years old, and was subjected to the tyrannies and miseries which at that time were the common lot of factory children. From six o'clock in the morning until eight or nine at night, with only half an hour's rest at noon—breakfast and tea being eaten while the machinery was running—did the poor little slaves toil, and James Hird never forgot in his subsequent prosperity that he had been one of these suffering creatures, and never ceased to sorrow for the helpless and unfortunate. As Mr. Hird advanced to manhood he forced himself into a better career than the mill had offered him, and by dint of self-culture and perseverance was able to take up a position that, while being one of responsibility and value, yielded him greater opportunities than he had previously enjoyed for the expansion of his mind and the exercise of his poetic gifts. For many years he held a managerial appointment in connection with the Old Brewery at Bradford, and by the time he relinquished that post he had, by thrift and fortunate building speculations, acquired a competence; a whole colony of cottages in Hall Lane, Bowling, being in the course of a few years built by him. It was while enjoying

the leisure which now fell to him that he was elected a member of the Bradford Town Council, to which body he belonged for several years. The speeches he made in the Council Chamber were occasionally of the poetic order, often winding up with a peroration in verse that must have sounded odd to the prosaic ears to which it was uttered. But Mr. Hird was always so thoroughly in earnest, and so well-meaning, that he commanded a large measure of public esteem. A short time previous to his death he retired to Ilkley, where he had erected for himself a handsome house, but he never seemed quite to enjoy this self-banishment from the scenes of his more active life, and gradually drooped and died. Mr. Hird's first volume of poems was entitled "The Harp on the Willows; or Poetry on Miscellaneous Grave Subjects," pp. 113, published in 1834. His second was entitled "The Prophetic Minstrel and other Poems," pp. 136: H. Wardman, Bradford; London, Longman & Co.; his third was a little brochure which ran into several editions, entitled "The Cypress Wreath," pp. 32, printed by T. Micklethwaite of Bradford, and his fourth and last — on which his claim to the title of poet must mainly rest — was printed in 1866. It bore the title of "A Voice from the Muses," and was printed by J. Ward, Dewsbury, pp. 173: London, Simpkin, Marshall and Co.; Bradford, T. Brear — dedicated to the working men of Bradford. Most of the poems are slight in structure, but are instinct with kindly feeling, and show much grace and fervour of expression. He was easily moved to poetic exercise; any striking public or private event, the death of a friend, the recurrence of a birthday, the receipt of a flower, the passing of a year, or the presentation of a portrait served to inspire him. Cowper was his favourite poet, and much of the purity of feeling and Christian humility and hopefulness that characterised the writings of the author of "The Task" were reflected in the verses of Mr. Hird. The first poem is from "The Harp on the Willows," the second from "The Prophetic Minstrel," and the third from "A Voice from the Muses."

Birthday and Autumn.

Not the song of a bird, nor the scent of a flower,—
 Not a hum where the bees used to stray;—
 But the Sun's sickly beam, or the rattling shower,
 Or the dark torrent foaming away.

For the summer is past, the leaves are all sear,
The ripe fruits are falling around,
Pomona and Ceres have crowned the year,
And the wet morning dew's on the ground.

Night gains on the day, and the tale is begun
Of prowess in actions gone by;
In the homes of the joyful there's music and fun,
While the murky rain rocks in the sky.

As now, when the sickle and scythe no more tire,
And the van's left its load for the flail,
Oft have I por'd o'er romance by the fire,
Or gasp'd at some sad ghostly tale.

No wonder I burn with the bard's sacred fire,
Am seldom transported to mirth,
Or, that I've lost all but the legend and lyre,
Since this was the time of my birth.

Dejection.

MELANCHOLY thoughts, begone
Oh, for once your victim spare,
Let my wearied life alone,
Or I'm plung'd in deep despair.

Soon my funeral knell shall sound,
Soon these rolling eyes shall close,
Soon beneath the silent Ground,
Shall this restless heart repose.

Though my eyes are sunk and dim,
Though my cheeks are deadly pale,
Though in seas of grief I swim,
Tost with many a bitter gale;

Still I should not wish to die,
 Oh, it is a solemn task :
 Is there ought below the sky,
 Or in all the world, I ask,

Which possesses so much terror,
 As the great destroyer, Death ?
 From him sinners shrink with horror,
 Shrieking with expiring breath.

Lines on "Chance."

BEHOLD the vast ethereal dome !
 The glittering gems that gild the night !
 And tell me,—Could the stars become
 By *chance* so beautiful and bright ?

Could day and night by chance roll on
 Through countless ages still the same ?
 And the glad Spring, when Winter's gone,
 Her golden chariot reclaim ?

Could chance have hollowed out the deep,
 Restrained and set the sea its bounds ?
 Marked out the path the planets sweep,
 And fixed their everlasting rounds ?

Could chance have stopp'd the mid-day sun,
 Held back the silvery orb of night,
 Till Joshua the battle won,
 And put his myriad foes to flight ?

Did not the dews of Heaven descend
 Obedient to th' ETERNAL's will,
 Would not our harvests have an end ?
 Could chance alone our granaries fill ?

Behold the lilies of the field !
 Who made them so divinely fair ?
 To Him that's everywhere revealed,
 Ye hopeless votaries of Chance declare.



I am yours Truly,
Abraham Holroyd

ABRAHAM HOLROYD.

BY WILLIAM SCRUTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË;" "PEN
AND PENCIL PICTURES OF OLD BRADFORD;" ETC.

THE following article, from the pen of Mr. Scruton, appeared in the "Bradford Weekly Telegraph" for January 7th, 1888, and by Mr. Scruton's kind permission it is reproduced in these pages.

"There are few names in the modern literary annals of Yorkshire more familiar than that which forms the subject of the present sketch, and no apology can therefore be necessary for the prominence which is given to it in this issue of the 'Weekly Telegraph.'

"Stern death, which comes at last to all, came on Sunday morning last to a 'worthy' whose name will be bound up in the history of Bradford as long as that history endures. But the 'dread angel' had no terrors for Abraham Holroyd. His religion (for he was profoundly religious) was of a practical kind that gave him much happiness in life, and brought him consolation and courage when face to face with death. And now 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

"It has been my pleasure, and privilege too, to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Holroyd for more than a quarter of a century. In my own antiquarian pursuits I have often been indebted to him for guidance and help, which were ever given freely and unstintedly, for he was indeed generous to a fault. As the years rolled on, the acquaintanceship gave place to a close and enduring friendship, and as a friend I found him firm and true.

"Mr. Holroyd's career had been an eventful and interesting one, and while in conversation with him he sometimes let fall snatches of it, enough to satisfy me that it was one well worthy of being 'placed on record.' When I first ventured to hint this to him he did not seem to fall in with it very cordially, but after a while he broached the subject himself, and, to my delight, said that, as soon as he could find time, he would sit down and write out, to the best of his ability, and the powers of his memory, the story of his life. The making of a promise was with Mr. Holroyd as good as its fulfilment, for he was ever a 'man of his word.' And so it came to pass that, after a little patient waiting, I had put into my hands one day a well-written manuscript in Mr. Holroyd's handwriting, of which the following is a copy.

"I was born at the village of Clayton, near Bradford, on the 2nd of April, 1815. My father's name was Isaac Holroyd, and he was born and brought up at a place called Storres, near Thornton Heights. My mother was descended from the Barkers of Clayton on the father's side, and on that of the mother from the Northorps of Bradford-dale. They were both handloom weavers, and as soon as my legs were long enough to reach the treadles they set me to work at the same employment. I received no education at school except one summer my grandfather Holroyd paid threepence a week for me, when I learnt to read. This was at the old Village School, Clayton. My parents were too poor to do anything, as they had four little ones all younger than myself, yet though we were so poor, our family was very much respected, and I never knew of anyone saying a bad word of any of us. I picked up my skill in writing at home, practising from slips or copies set for me by a cousin. When I was seventeen years of age I began to pen short poems and rhymes, and these being very much admired, Mr. Wardman, of Bradford, printed a few of them in 1834. In the meantime my father died, and I, still working as a weaver, was employed first by Mr. J. Ackroyd, of Halifax, and then by Mr. Richard Fawcett, of Bradford. Wages, however, in 1836, had become so low that I determined to enter the army and give up weaving. I had been pulled off sixpence a time in six weeks, and so on the 5th of November of that year I enlisted at Leeds into the 32nd Regiment of Foot, then stationed at Montreal, in Canada. On the next day I was sworn before a magistrate at Leeds, and in a day or two I was sent off with others by way of steam packet at Hull to London. Afterwards I was sent by packet to Plymouth to join the depôt of my regiment. Here in the George's Square Barracks I learnt my drill, and in June, 1837, started in the barque *Rajah* for Quebec, Capt. Birtwhistle a Skipton man in command of about a hundred of us recruits.

"When at home in Clayton I had only been able to buy about four books, and these were small volumes for the pocket, with one exception. The books were '*Ossian's Poems*,' '*Burns' Poems*,' '*Franklin's Works*,' and '*The Pilgrim's Progress*.' The large book was '*Pope's Works*,' with Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. I found some of the recruits on board the ship great scholars. One of them had been educated at Queen's College, Dublin, and he was a man of prodigious memory. On the long and dreary voyage he taught me much for which I am truly thankful. But he was, alas! though the best of friends, a slave to drink.

"At the end of July we reached the St. Lawrence, and passing Quebec were sent on by steamboat to Montreal. I was placed in the 4th Company, and had scarcely got settled ere the news of the death of William the Fourth arrived and the accession of Queen Victoria

announced. Troubles were brewing in the Legislature of the Colony and open rebellion was threatened. In January I was sent, along with thirteen others, to secure a bridge over the St. John's River, north of Montreal. Here we stayed two weeks, then met with some rebels at St. Eustache, and a force having come up, an attack was made, and the wooden church and nearly the whole town was burnt to the ground, as well as Grand Buile, another large village. We then returned with almost a hundred prisoners to Montreal, where many of them were executed. My comrade and bed-fellow during the cold weather was shot in the forehead and killed. At the beginning of this action I was told off to the ammunition guard. As soon as we got to Montreal my company was ordered off to Upper Canada, and we travelled in sleighs, with horses, post haste on the ice to Lake Ontario, where we took a steamer for Kingston, but only stayed there long enough to give a man a hundred lashes with the cat o' nine tails for smashing his musket when drunk in a sleigh. Taking steamer again, we were soon at Toronto. From thence we sailed to Hamilton. Thence in sleighs to Ancaster and Brantford. Here arrests were daily made of rebels, the whole being lodged in the jail of that town. I doing duty every second day and night. After the trials were over thirteen men were hanged one morning on one scaffold—a sickening sight. A few days after my company marched to St. Thomas, and the rebellion being ended we were quiet for a time. A lady whom I had befriended by getting her an interview with her husband—a prisoner—met me in the street and with great kindness introduced me to the best people in the place. Her husband had been acquitted as innocent. A gentleman, a friend of hers, offered to advance me £20 to buy my discharge from the army. I to attend a sick son of his for a year and drive him about in their carriage. I therefore bought my discharge, but before the end of the year the young man died, and my master sold all his property and emigrated to Illinois, I going with him and his wife to drive and help in anything that might be needed. On passing through Michigan I took the ague from the swampy state of the land at that time, and in a while, when the summer came on, I became very ill. I was advised to go south to get quit of the ague, and my master, having been appointed Probate Judge of the County, I was sorry to leave Rockford, the place where he had 'settled.' Sick and salivated with quinine I started on foot to Chicago—then a town of only one street. Striking south I tramped towards the Mississippi river, and after many days of travelling through that lonely state, I arrived at Peoria, and found a small steamer ready to sail down to St. Louis. Going on board I got to that city after much delay, caused by the low state of the water. Taking steamer at St. Louis I got to New Orleans in eight days, with two dollars in my pocket, which, however, were stolen that night from my clothes (though under my pillow) at the house

where I had put up to lodge. There I was then, in a strange city, sick, and with no money. The landlord of the lodging-house advised me to go to the Charity Hospital until I got well. I went and was admitted. In eight days I was discharged cured, and left to seek a living—I knew not where. For three days I had nothing to eat except some bits of apples which had been thrown out from a steamer as damaged. At night I hid myself away in new buildings in the course of erection. On the fourth day a gentleman gave me a job to help in removing his furniture, and I pleased him so that he offered me money: as much as I might need until I could get some settled employment. I took an empty room, furnished it, and in about two months obtained regular employment with a respectable firm of merchants. There was always plenty for me to do, for at least the winter half of the year. My leisure hours I spent in studies, reading the best books I could borrow, and watching the manners of the people amongst whom my lot seemed to be cast.

“ In the previous years I had gained much knowledge of mankind, and the earth-mounds of the west had interested me much, and created in me a love of the ancient in everything I saw or read of—hence my love for antiquarian pursuits during the after part of my life. The company I kept was always the best I could find everywhere, and I found in the American people—both North and South—warm hands and loving hearts, without one exception, amongst those whom I became acquainted with, and I shall ever remember both the people and the country with feelings of sincere affection.

“ In 1846 I married Miss Amelia Jenkyn, of St. Stephen’s-in-Branwell, Cornwall. She had lately come with a relation to the city. The clergyman who married us was the Rev. Chas. Goodrich, Rector of St. Paul’s, New Orleans. He was a brother of the famous Peter Parley, the author of books for young people. When I had been eight years in my situation my health gave way with the heat of the climate, and I was obliged to resign it. My English doctor told me that I must return to my native country if I would save my life. I and Mrs. Holroyd, therefore, took passage home in May, 1851, and arrived at Liverpool on the 10th July. After a visit to the great exhibition, London, we proceeded to Cornwall, where Mrs. Holroyd remained with her parents for a time, while I went forward to Bradford to establish myself in some business. For some time after my arrival in this town my cousin, John Tyas, gave me a home with him. He resided at the top of Westgate, and I soon got a shop—some four yards square—opposite the old Zoar Chapel. Here I started business in real good earnest. Mr. William Cook, of Vicar Lane, supplied me with most of what I needed in the way of stationery, periodicals, &c., and the newspapers I got from the publishers. This

was in October, 1851. In 1853-54 I published by subscription a large view of Saltaire, but when the engraving was ready, after six months' delay, many of the subscribers were dead or gone away, and I was some £15 short of paying the £63 due for the engraving and printing of it. In my dilemma I wrote to Sir (then Mr.) Titus Salt, and he sent for me, and after I had told him of my luck, he gave me a cheque for the engraver and printer, and I handed over to him all the money I had received. This was my first introduction to Mr. Salt, and ever after he stood by me in whatever I took up. He was to me ever a staunch and true friend. With the shop I had terrible hard struggling to keep my head above water, and my little family increasing, it was at the time fearful hard uphill work, as we say in Yorkshire. In 1854, I determined to strike out in a new direction in the way of publishing. I printed "Eldwick Glen," a crude poem of my own, and soon sold them all. This made me better known, and helped my custom with the new acquaintance.

"The few literary men then in Bradford called on me, such as John James, Ben Preston, Edward Sloane, Stephen Fawcett, Edward Collinson, and a host of others, whose names would fill a column. Here, about the year 1858, I compiled a little book with the quaint title of "Spice Islands passed in the Sea of Reading." This took well also; and thus encouraged, I took heart, and began to push in the newspapers every good work going on in Bradford, praising the literary efforts of my townsmen, and when opportunity occurred I drew attention to the antiquities of my beloved town of Bradford, and the surrounding district. Almost everything I wrote had my full name at the end. I also tried to give the chapter and verse for all that I sent, for my chief ambition was to be understood by the common people.

I now began as publisher and editor in earnest. The following is a pretty full list of my projects: "The Cottage in the Wood," by the Rev. Patrick Brontë, 1859. "T' Spicy Man," "T' Creakin' Gate," "Natterin' Nan," "T' Maister o' t' Haase," these all in 1859, and by my friend Ben Preston. Then "The Philosophy of Lord Bacon," by John James, F.S.A. "The Life of Joseph Lister, of Bradford, and The Rider of the White Horse," 1860. In this year I began the "Bradford Historical Almanack," which I continued for six years. I also in 1860 (October) started "The Bradfordian," (a repository of local talent,) which came out for 27 months, when I was forced to stop, as its publication was bringing me to poverty and heaping difficulties on me pecuniarily. This work gave me the most pleasure of anything I ever did in my life. It brought me into contact with the best men and women of the time then in Bradford and the vicinity. In 1863 I published "The Physical Geography of Bradford," &c., by Louis Miall. Also in 1864 the "Poems and Songs of Ben Preston." These sold off

at once, and made me acquainted with the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, and he asked me to assist him in collecting for his book, the 'Yorkshire Oddities,' which I did. I also had much to write to and for the late Thomas Wright, F.S.A. I then proposed the publishing of my 'Collectanea,' and my good friend the late Sir Titus Salt promised to stand by me until I chose to stop. This he did. For what occurred after this had gone on for some time see my introduction to the said 'Collectanea,' which I was not able to complete in book form until 1873. After removing to Saltaire I wrote the little work 'Saltaire and its Founder' of which there have been sold four editions of, in all, 3,500 copies. Nearly all my others were 1,000 editions, named previously. I wish to add that the people of Bradford, in 1868, presented me with £63 on leaving for Saltaire.

"In 1873 I edited and published at Saltaire also 'A Garland of Poetry by Yorkshire Authors' (collected specimens of nearly a hundred writers of my native county), a work which has been greatly admired. I dedicated it to my dear friend Mr. George Ackroyd.

"In 1874, old age creeping on, I retired from business to Eldwick on a small income, where I hope to spend the few remaining days of my life in peace, and in preparation for the entry into another and a better life.

"Little remains to be added to this simple story of a well-spent life. During his brief residence at Eldwick in the small but comfortable house which he had built there (which by the way, he thought of calling the 'Hermitage,' but finally gave it the more appropriate name 'Harmony Cottage') he employed himself in cultivating his bit of garden; corresponding with literary friends, and in contributing to local and other journals choice articles from his rich archaeological treasure-house. The old love of country was strong within him, and here he found pure nature in her various aspects.

His books were rivers, woods and skies,
The meadow and the moor.

"The summit of Gilstead Moor was, however, too cold and exposed for Mrs. Holroyd, who was a native of Cornwall, and Harmony Cottage had to be abandoned as a place of residence. Of late years Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd resided with a married daughter—Mrs. Thornton—at Shipley, and here it was that the venerable author and antiquary closed his career, happily surrounded with every comfort. His spirit passed away to the 'Better Land' as peacefully and as quietly

'As the dawn glides into day.'

"Much of the good work done by Mr. Holroyd in literature and archaeology is not alluded to in the narrative that he has left us of his

career. He was too modest a man to say much of himself, and moreover he laboured more to exalt others than himself. Many other of his literary ventures might be mentioned if space allowed. But perhaps this were needless, for are they not already chronicled in the annals of Yorkshire literature? As a publisher he was most industrious, but as a writer hardly less so.

"From the stores of a ripe intellect and with a well informed mind, he contributed many interesting papers to local journals.

"If from his restricted means he was unable to take great projects in hand, he was untiring in his efforts to do everything that fairly came within his grasp, hence there is scarcely a chapter of local history with which the name of Abraham Holroyd is not associated.

"Mr. Holroyd possessed a keen and intelligent appreciation of good poetry. An ardent admirer of our English ballads, he collected during a long course of years, nearly three hundred choice ballads and songs belonging to Yorkshire alone.

"Mr. Holroyd was a genuine antiquary, but not of the type that sees no merit in a book beyond its antiquity or scarcity. He was too liberal-minded to believe that a book is valueless because it might not happen to be one of a first edition, or that its real worth is depreciated by its abundance or its free and unrestricted circulation among the book-reading public. For the good work that he has done in popularising, by means of cheap reprints, works of a scarce and costly character, he is deserving of public gratitude. Our portrait of Mr. Holroyd is from a photograph by Mr. J. Gunston, Darley Street, taken a few months ago."

"The remains were interred on Wednesday in the burial ground of St. John's Church, Clayton. The funeral, which was of a semi-private character, was only attended by the deceased's most intimate friends. A short service was conducted at the residence, prior to leaving for Clayton, by Mr. Mitchell, a member of the New Church (Swedenborgian), Saltaire, of which Mr. Holroyd was one of the founders. Shortly before one o'clock the cortege left for Clayton, and was attended by the Rev. Mr. Rendell (Bradford), and Messrs. Dyson, Armitage, and Stephenson, representing the New Church at Saltaire; and a few local antiquarians, including Mr. W. Scruton, Mr. Wm. Cudworth, and Mr. J. H. Turner. The coffin was made of polished pitch pine, and was borne by a hearse, followed by mourning coaches containing the relatives of the deceased. Mr. T. F. Empsall, the president of the Bradford Historical and Antiquarian Society, and a number of Clayton friends, joined in the procession at that place. The burial service was performed at the church and at the grave side by the Rev. J. E. Gerrard. A beautiful floral cross was placed on the coffin by Mr. George Ackroyd, one of the deceased's oldest friends."

The Lord of Saltaire.

ROLL on, gentle Aire, in thy beauty,
Renowned in story and song :
The subject of many a ditty
From Nicholson's musical tongue ;
But a greater than he hath arisen,
Who has linked thy name with his own,
He will render thee famous for ages,
And thou wilt to millions be known.
Then let us all join in the chorus,
And sing of the qualities rare,
Of one who by nature is noble—
And hail him the Lord of Saltaire.

He's rear'd up a Palace to Labour,
Will equal the Cæsar's of old,—
The Church, and the School, and the Cottage—
And lavished his thousands of gold ;
Where the workman may live and be happy,
Enjoying the fruit of his hand ;
In contentment, in comfort, and plenty,
Secure as the peer of the land.
Then let us all join in the chorus,
And sing of the qualities rare,
Of one who by nature is noble,
And hail him the Lord of Saltaire.

From Peru he's brought the alpaca—
From Asia's plains the mohair—
With skill has wrought both into beauty,
Priz'd much by the wealthy and fair ;
He has velvets, and camlets, and lustres,
With them there is none can compare ;
Then off, off with your hats and your bonnets,
Hurrah for the Lord of Saltaire.
Hip, hip, and all join in the chorus,
And sing of the qualities rare,
Of one who by nature is noble,
And hail him the Lord of Saltaire.

Flow on, Gentle Aire.

Flow on, gentle Aire, in thy course to the sea,
Thy murmurs are music, delightful to me ;
In the spring-time of youth I haunted thy stream,
And now in my manhood I'll make thee my theme.

By lofty hills bounded, and furze covered moors,
Green woods and rich meadows encircle thy shores ;
The beautiful birch tree o'ershadows thy wave,
And willows low-bent in thy bright waters lave.

The lark on thy banks pours his song to the morn,
The blackbird at eve cheers his mate in the thorn ;
The snowdrop and primrose first bloom on thy strand,
When spring in her gladness re-visits the land.

Here light-footed summer dwells long with her flowers
Bedecking the glades and adorning the bowers ;
Here frolicking zephyrs to Flora make love,
Then, kissing thy bosom, speed on through the grove.

Here golden-crown'd autumn, dispensing her sheaves,
Delighteth to linger among the brown leaves ;
And cold, hoary winter is mild by thy side,
Refraining to stem with his frost thy clear tide.

When wild storms arise o'er the heather-clad hills,
And the floods seek thy bed in white foamy rills,
Now rushing, now dancing, the grey rocks among,
Still calmly thou glidest in beauty along.

Scream on, ye wild birds, in your dark eyrie den,
Awaking the echoes asleep in the glen ;
Roar on, ye rough storms, from each summit to shore,
Ye serve to endear my lov'd valley the more.

Flow on, gentle Aire, in thy course to the sea,
By the hall and the cot, and the woodland and lea ;
And long, long may thy banks, that know not a slave,
Be the home of the free, the fair, and the brave.

JOHN ILLINGWORTH.

BY ÆTHELBERT BINNS,
SECRETARY, YORKSHIRE DIALECT SOCIETY, ETC.

ALLERTON-CUM-WILSDEN has for generations formed one manor and one ecclesiastical parish, and in the former part of this district, on the 18th of February, 1846—at a farm called Moorhouse—was born John Illingworth, the youngest child of a family of three brothers and four sisters. His father was a hard-working farmer, and could not, when the time arrived for John to go to school, give him much school education, but such as he received was from the schoolmaster in charge of the British School at Allerton. After a few years' schooling, John began to help his father in farm work, and he remained a farmer to his life's end. On July 1st, 1867, he married Elizabeth Lucy Bentham, of School Green, Thornton, who still survives him with a family of children.

John probably began the cultivation of his rhyming powers early in life, as some of his poems show an illiterateness not found in his later attempts. He was ever excessively fond of nature in all its varied moods and forms, and many, perhaps the greater part, of his poems on nature were written out-of-doors, as he sat on some grassy bank, or in some cosy nook.

In 1870, he issued an 8pp. 8vo. (crown) pamphlet, published by F. J. Hammond Westgate, Bradford, entitled "Echoes of the Harp of Ebor." It contained but four poems, and this was his only publication, with the exception of a few single-page leaflets. He, however, had several of his poems printed in various papers and almanacs, such as "T' Nidderdale Comic Casket, Comic Annual, and Almanac;" "Readings and Recitations for Summer Days and Winter Nights;" several temperance poems in one of the temperance papers, and also miscellaneous poems in a Bingley paper published by T. Harrison; and "T'owd man's address to t'wife" in Abraham Holroyd's "A Garland of Poetry."

The temperance cause owes its poems by John Illingworth to Mr. Francis Butterfield, of Wilsden, for this gentleman, having seen one of John's poems entitled "A drop o' rum an' tea" in a Craven almanac (about 1875), at once sought out the then (to Mr. Butterfield) unknown author of it, and entreated him never to write again a poem

in praise of intoxicating drinks. John promised he would not, and during the remainder of his life kept that promise, and gained thereby the close friendship of Mr. Butterfield, who has ever been the friend of all local rhymers.

In looking over his numerous published and unpublished poems one undoubtedly comes across many that are worthy of preservation. Anyone having carefully perused them would certainly come to the conclusion that here, indeed, was a man who was not a mere rhymers, but a real poet. As he himself says

“ Inspired by Nature and by Love
The birds with songs rejoice ;
Inspired by Nature and by Love
I also raise my voice.”

He sang because he must ; he had an ear for “ the music of words,” and wrote his poetry from the same cause that makes the bird to sing, and the child to prattle. His best poems are humorous ones, and are written in his native vernacular.

On March 24th, 1884, Yorkshire lost one more of her many native poets, for on that day John Illingworth died at the early age of thirty-eight, and was interred at St. James’s Church, Thornton.

The Lass of Eldwick Hall.

On wood and field the rising sun
A rosy radiance threw,
And every opening flower wore
A diadem of dew ;
And joyous was the linnet’s song,
And soft the cuckoo’s call,
And sweet the woodland echoes rang
Around old Eldwick Hall.

Admiring the delightful scene
Along the glen I strayed,
And there, before I was aware,
I met a lovely maid ;

Her golden hair, in glossy curls,
 Did round her shoulders fall,
 She'd rosy cheeks, and ruby lips—
 Sweet lass of Eldwick Hall.

There's many boast of peerless maids,
 The rosy and the fair,
 But she's the flower of the flock,
 The bud beyond compare :
 God grant her spotless chastity
 May never know a fall :
 May heaven shield from ev'ry ill
 The lass of Eldwick Hall.

Were I a king, and sat in state
 Upon the royal throne,
 Could I but win her virgin love
 I'd make this maid my own ;
 Or, if she would not be a queen,
 I'd gladly part with all,
 Yea, all resign to make her mine—
 Sweet lass of Eldwick Hall.

J u n e .

From the purple heather bells,
 From the green clad flowery vales,
 Hark : what gushing music swells :
 List ! the ever-changing tune :
 Sweetly woodland echoes ring,
 Sweetly hawthorns fragrance fling,
 Sweetly larks their carols sing,
 Each proclaim the joy of June.

Widely scattered o'er the lea,
 Flowers bloom in beauty free,
 Nature in her pride we see,
 All her works do beauty yield :
 Now the mowers cut the grass :
 Now the ev'nings sweetly pass :
 Now each lover woos his lass
 'Neath the wood, or in the field.

THOMAS INCE.

By JOHN D. FOX,

AUTHOR OF "STRUGGLES OF A VILLAGE LAD," ETC.

THOMAS INCE was born at Bingley on November 11th, 1850, of respectable parentage, but in very lowly circumstances. He early found himself with a brother and sister, an inmate of the Poorhouse at Wigan, to which end adversity and unfortunate domestic differences contributed. Most old Bingleyites will remember the late Edward Briggs, who was an allotment gardener and lived in Wellington Street, or "on t' low side," as it was then termed. He and his dame were Thomas's grandparents on his mother's side. The father came off a Lancashire stock, but was well connected in Morton, Bingley, Keighley, Shipley, and Bradford. Thomas's brother William died in his adopted home at Farnworth, in his 20th year, and the sister married John Umpleby, of Bingley, and is now resident at Keighley. Thomas left the workhouse in like circumstances to his brother: that is, he was placed out by the parish with a collier at Blackrod, and worked for a time in pits belonging to the Earl of Balcarres and the Ince Coal and Canal Co. To record his running away from his master, his capture, and the return to the "House," his new home with a corn miller, his father's return from the wars, his removal to Keighley and Bingley, and his settlement in his birthplace, would occupy more space than is at our disposal. Bingley became his refuge, and, under variable circumstances, for his father's sister, Mrs. Jane Metcalfe (wife of Thomas Metcalfe, oat-bread baker), and his father's brother (Mr. Joseph Ince), were kind enough to take him in, so long as the kindness was appreciated; but the roving, restless instinct was too strong within him to remain on other folks' hearthstones, however kindly treated, hence he was constantly startling his friends by disappearing for months together. During such wanderings, which were entered upon without any forethought, he engaged in the most Bohemian and vagabond tendencies, and frequently endured the severest pangs which illness, poverty, and friendlessness entail. His first home was after his marriage, which was broken up again only six weeks afterwards, through the sad death of his young wife, by drowning in the canal at Five Rise Locks, Bingley. Her maiden name was Mary Wild, and it was not long after Mary's death before he had her grave re-opened for her afflicted, helpless mother.



yours faithfully
Thos Ince

As every penny the young couple could muster was invested in the home, he was ill prepared to meet the expenses of his bride's funeral, but through the kindness of many friends, amongst whom was the late Vicar (the Rev. Mr. Irwin), Miss Salmond, his uncles, his father, and his wife's fellow-workers at Messrs. Wildman's Mill, he was able to have them both buried in a freehold grave. Thomas had gained notoriety in those days as a writer of songs and poems, and by very many of the villagers was considered an eccentricity from many points of view. He walked from Bingley to Saltaire and back twice with his bundle of "MSS." to lay before the late Abraham Holroyd, for whom he entertained great respect, and was not a little dismayed at the advice of the sage, "to lay by his pen for some three years, devote himself to studying classics, and then try again."

After a period he married again, taking for his second wife Miss M. A. Leach, of Bingley, the present partner of his joys and sorrows: they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Feb. 25th, 1877. Shortly after, he introduced himself and his writings to Mr. T. Brear, of Bradford, at the time Mr. Burnley was his editor, and for some time was treated very considerably by those gentlemen; but by some means or other, which proved very unfortunate to our friend, he lost sight altogether of his manuscripts—accepted and unaccepted—which had been entrusted to Mr. Brear for "The Yorkshireman," who not only held the responsibility, but recognised it. In the meantime, circumstances necessitated the author to leave the district, and although he wrote repeatedly to the gentlemen mentioned above, with a view to recover his lost treasures, he never saw them again. Having only indifferent health it behoved him to study well as to its best treatment, and with this object he commenced the study of medical botany, to which profession he eventually settled, and has now followed as a business for many years. He at present resides in Blackburn, at 13, Furthergate, where he is very well known; in fact, the name of Thomas Ince is known throughout North-East Lancashire, both as a poet, journalist and herbalist. He has published in Blackburn a "Herbal Guide and Compendium," being a reprint of a lecture delivered by him on "Common Herbs and their Uses," which is generally considered a very useful and practical work for the purpose.

For a while he published a paper fortnightly, called "Ince's Observer and Referee," but which proved beyond his means to continue. He has published an original volume of prose and verse, by subscription at four shillings each, entitled "Beggars Manuscripts," printed in Blackburn, Christmas, 1888. The book was well received by the press. Recently a portrait sketch of our friend appeared in "Yorkshire Poets." It may also be said that on one occasion he has been the recipient of Royal favour. He is now busy preparing

another volume in prose and verse, which we hope will recompense him, and for which we bespeak the attention of his many friends. As a tithe of his experience would make a bulky record, sufficient interest will perhaps be awakened among our local readers by this brief recital from the life of one who though poor in one sense, is yet rich in mind and intellect, and the writer can truly say that it has been a pleasure to follow him in all his wanderings, and he has never lost sight of him for long, since they were boys together, and Airedale and its environs are rich in memories for our friend Thomas Ince.

Poesy and Art.

ONE morning, as over the world's barren waste,
Two Sisters went slowly along,
The one exercised her harmonious Taste—
The other burst forth into Song;
Both the high and the low were enchanted full soon
And under their influence fell,
Till none but the lost ones could fail to attune
With charms beyond man to excel.

Oh, hard is the heart! unresponsive and cold,
Denying the beauty and grace
Of either the Sisters, whose worth is untold,
In giving true riches a place;
For the acme of grandeur, refinement, and worth
Alone by their aid is portrayed,
And all the routine and the foibles of earth,
In comparison, sink in the shade.

So let us endeavour these Sisters to woo,
In charity, honour, and truth,
Regardless of what any scoffer may do,
Or fashion may threaten, forsooth;
We are proud of the past, and will welcome the day
When man, recognising his part,
With dual devotion can feelingly say:
“All hail, unto Poesy and Art!”

A Kiss.

What rapture in a lover's kiss,
What concentrated store of bliss,
What happiness, what passion keen,
What love, what joy, a kiss can mean,
A soul to soul, a heart to heart,
What fulness doth a kiss impart ;
A signature of homely birth,
A bond of truest friendship's worth ;
A taste of nature's native bliss,
And purest ransom—is a kiss.

A seal of love, a compact sign,
An emblem of a troth divine,
An union meet, an issue won,
A token sweet and dual boon,
The kiss of innocence and faith
A world of restful comfort hath ;
The kiss of fond possession means
A harbinger of blissful scenes ;
A kiss at worst expresses most
Achievement better won or lost.

A kiss can grant a lease of life,
A kiss presents a truce to strife,
A kiss can bind a wayward soul,
A kiss can travel pole to pole ;
A kiss of love or kiss of joy,
A kiss of pride without alloy,
A kiss of welcome well bestowed,
A kiss of God speed on our road,
A kiss of pleasure, howe'er given,
Yields a spicy balm of Heaven.

At Last.

'Tis o'er at last—the galling yoke—
The bondage now is past,
The chain is loose—the fetters broke,—
And I am free at last.

'Tis sad to picture all the years
Of bitterness and care,
To think of all the sighs and tears
Evolved from deep despair.

I cannot own one little pang,
Because my task is done ;
I'm heedless now of every clang,
For now—the battle's won.

Farewell, to all ye books and pens ;
Farewell, ye ledgers too ;
Farewell to everything that lends
Remorse unto my view.

Farewell to all ye hateful scenes—
A jubilant farewell ;
A service with you only means
A servitude in hell.

Avaunt, ye spectres of the past !
Away, from out my view !
For time has vanquished you at last,
And life is leased anew.

Never again do I wish to see
Ye symbols of disgrace ;
Not any charm remains for me
About the wretched place.

I leave you all in sweet content,
Without one small regret,
Beyond the wish that luck was sent
Ere you and I had met.

So, once again, a last adieu
My patience is run o'er ;
A life mis-spent begins anew ;
Farewell, for evermore.



THOMAS LISTER.

BY JAMES MUNDY,

SECRETARY OF THE YORKSHIRE LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE subject of our present sketch was born on the 15th of June, 1808, at Tong Park, in the township of Baildon, Yorkshire, and descended from a family notorious for their exemplary piety. At school, we are told, he made such rapid progress, and applied himself so closely to his studies, that his master, to prevent molestation by the other scholars, put him on a desk by himself, and the master said "he learned more in one year than the generality would learn in seven." When about fifteen years of age he was put to learn the malting business, and in twenty-five weeks he knew sufficient to undertake the entire management of another kiln a few miles distant from where he learned the business. After a few years at this, he turned schoolmaster, and began to teach the rising generation in the Baildon Methodist School. It was during this season of instruction that he was seriously impressed that his real mission was that of a preacher of the gospel, and in this capacity he delighted his hearers in many circuits, and gained for himself the name of the "Wandering Gentile." Not satisfied with labouring in the vineyard of his mother-country, he started on the 7th day of August, 1848, for America, where he preached the gospel free and unshackled by the tenets of any particular denomination. Of his versification very little can be said in its favour. Whatever claims he may have had as an exhorter of the scriptures, he possessed but little of the divine afflatus. He published a small volume of poems on various subjects—also a number of devotional and original hymns—yet, while we commend the sentiment which he breathes throughout his attempts, we find but little to give him rank as a poet. The precocity of youth, his position as a schoolmaster, and his popularity as a preacher, are the three distinct features of his life; but we cannot, after the most careful study of the copyright edition before us, come to any other conclusion than that he has tried to do his best, but in the doing of it he has left behind no traces of that genius for which so many Yorkshire poets have been famous in the past.

Whilst in America, Lister was elected a Justice of the Peace. He died at Wilsden on Wednesday, March 29th, 1876, and on the following Saturday he was buried in Baildon Churchyard. On his tombstone is the following inscription:—

An Affectionate Remembrance of
THOMAS LISTER, THE POET,
WHO DIED MARCH 29th, 1876,
AGED 67 YEARS.

—
Here lies the man who travelled far,
To warn our dying race;
Yet he himself was nothing more
But sinner saved by grace.

The Poet.

THE Poet's brain my God hath made,
The Muses resting on his head;
Inducing him his words to time,
To feet, to verse, poetic chime.

Nor has my God made aught in vain,
Not hand, or foot, nor tongue, or brain;
For all these gifts for good are given,
That I thereby may honour heaven.

The Muses have a mighty spell,
To move the world to good or ill;
For in their hand they hold the key,
To move its lasting destiny.

They charm the mind, the passions move
And draw the soul to heaven above;
Or if on evil subjects dwell,
May sink the soul to lowest hell.

Then let my muse directed be,
Thou great eternal God by Thee,
That which I write in blank or rhyme
I may be led by truth divine.

And my poetic talents use,
To spread abroad the glorious news
Of God's eternal love to man,—
And how he may his heaven gain.

Hymn.

THOU bid'st me, Lord, go work for Thee,
In every place, where'er I be;
And tell to sinners the right way,
That leads to everlasting day.

Help me to go at Thy command,
And spread Thy truth in all the land;
Then give up all I have to Thee,
And drop into eternity.

JOHN MILLIGAN, M.R.C.S. L.S.A.

BY ROBERT CLARK, L.R.C.P. L.R.C.S.

JOHN MILLIGAN was born at Cross Hills, 18th January, 1812, his father (Mr. John Milligan), and uncle (Mr. Robert Milligan, the first M.P. for Bradford), having come from Dumfries and settled in this district. In early life he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Bradford, but a little incident soon brought this connection to a close. He was required to make up the books on a Sunday. He refused, and left the place. Subsequently, he was bound apprentice to Dr. Mitchell, of Keighley. At this time the movement for the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute had been started, and by the force of his own proclivities was drawn into the early work of the institute, in which he took an active interest. On the completion of his pupilage, he went through the usual course of medical study in London, graduating L.S.A. in 1834 (and M.R.C.S. in 1856), and subsequently commenced practice in Bingley, where he resided one year only. On leaving Bingley he settled in Keighley. In 1838 he was appointed as the first medical officer of the Keighley Union. Whilst engaged in a large practice he became forcibly aware of the low sanitary condition of the homes and workshops of the poor, and devoted a great deal of attention to this subject, which in after life became one of almost all-absorbing interest to him. In 1847 he called public attention to the sanitary condition of the town, in a lecture given in the Mechanics' Institute. This lecture, which dealt with Poverty as a source of disease, and Factory-labour and Wool-combing considered in relation to Health and Mortality, was so good an exposition of the subject that a strong request was made for its publication, to which Mr. Milligan acceded. On this subject of sanitation he had collected a vast amount of valuable information. In 1849 he became a competitor for the Fothergillian medal, and created some surprise among the medical savants of the metropolis by carrying it off with his essay "On the influence of Civilisation upon Health and Disease." The gold medal of that year was presented to Mr. Milligan at a public banquet of the Medical Society of London, and judging from the report of the speech which he made on the occasion, this event must have been considered one of the proudest in his life. In his own words, "it was a position to him no less novel than difficult." "Living in the obscurity of a distant provincial town," he said, "I had scarcely dared to hope that success would crown any literary attempt of mine. In fact, when I thought on the matter, rather than being the subject of exhilarating prospects,

I felt abashed at my own temerity, and would willingly have sacrificed something that my papers could have been withdrawn from the impending contest." Subsequently, he was the writer of another essay on "Drunkenness," for a prize of one hundred guineas. The award was not announced, and Mr. Milligan never succeeded in obtaining re-possession of his manuscript. In addition to a considerable amount of literary work connected with his profession, he found time to cultivate the Muses, and in 1861 published a volume of Poems—"Baal, or Sketches of Social Evils; a Poem in ten flights, with other Minor Poems"—pp. 300; London: William Freeman. He was very fond of good books in all departments of literature, and few men have succeeded in amassing such a varied and valuable library. He was a considerable student in natural history and a never-weary collector of rare and curious specimens. But his favourite study was Geology. His love of nature was intense, and his attachment was perhaps strongest to the wild moorland scenery which abounds in these parts. He sings:

I love the lanes so old and lone,
 With tangled blossoms overhead,
 And find a joy in every stone,
 A gem where'er my footsteps tread.
 I would not change had I the power,
 For dazzling gifts of golden mind,
 The hills, the birds, and forest flower,
 That round my soul their lights entwine.
 If, when away on foreign shores,
 A thought of home bedims my eye,
 It is to be upon her moors,
 To hear the piping wild-birds cry.
 The city's joys all end in pain.
 I'll bid them hence a long adieu,
 And hie me to the hills again
 Where Nature's face is ever new.

In 1876 Mr. Milligan had an attack of internal gout to which he succumbed after a short illness on March 6th.

Go the Sun.

GREAT Patriarch of all the fires that climb the sky,
 Well might primeval man thy glories deify;
 In transport on thee gaze through all revolving time,
 And to thee bow in rapt idolatry sublime!

Most glorious idol of the ancient world,
 For thee its altars blazed, its incense curled,
 For thee its priests and acolytes of royal rank
 Their vestal fires watched and trimmed their sacred lamp.

Thou king with diadem of ancient days,
 Adorned in panoply of burnished rays,
 Thy garments of the lightning's flash are wove,
 And lightning is thy crown forged from the bolts of Jove.

The stars with all the beauties of the night
 Thy advent tell, and pale their glories bright,
 Nor leave on heaven's broad shield one silver gem,
 But quickly fades before thy peerless diadem.

The time shall come when thou, great god of day,
 A driveller slow shalt stagger on thy way,
 Thy power and effort gone, thy vigour chill,
 Obstructed all thy founts or frozen still.

The earth a dotard grown, the reeling spheres
 In zigzag orbs shall mark the hoary years,
 The laggard moon shall droop, the seasons fail in rank,
 And heaven's face wax dull with many a starless blank.

The keystone sprung, the fabric tottering on the brink,
 The big dome cracked with many a crazy chink,
 And then Inexorable Power by hand unknown,
 Shall strike earth's props and smite creation's scaffold
 down.

Death.

THOU Bony King, in shroud arrayed and iron crown,
 Who worlds hast reaped to store within the grave,
 Mankind in every form thou mowest down,
 And gather'st in alike from shore and wave,
 To fill the trophied garner of the awful tomb,
 And swell the triumphs of thy harvest home.

No tournament is death of fictitious strife,
 But overthrow that makes the strong man quail;
 It boasts no blazonries that garnish life,
 No song of triumph save the funeral wail;
 The shroud the victim's robe, the grave his temple low
 The slimy trail of worm the garland on his brow.

'Tis pride that prompts our faculties to roam
On subjects bearing death's mysterious seal;
No spell hath man to win the secrets of the tomb,
No mystic shibboleth by which he can reveal
The masonry that binds the brotherhood of the grave,
Or break the vows that dumbly all the dead enslave.

A few among earth's multitudes are found
Whose frames are built like rocky granite firm,
From them the arrowy shafts of death rebound
As from the iron hide of pachyderm;
And though each lengthened life a pyramid uprears,
'Tis based upon the griefs and cares of four score years.

And some there are of more ethereal mould,
That flit like visions bright o'er life's dull stage;
To hectic suns their beauties they unfold,
Nor feel they manhood's bloom, nor chill of age;
They are not of that iron race of men,
Who weave the weary coil of three score years and ten.

But children of the skies in earthly vestures clad,
Or fragile fabrics of a subtler essence framed;
The beings fair who realize the maxim sad,
"The loved of heaven by heaven are early claimed:"
Flowers of other climes, whose blossoms dimly pale,
With all their garnered sweets to heaven exhale.

And men of lying lips and perjured breath,
By honour hated and by truth denied,
Have furnished thousands to the lists of death,
And thousands more their tongues have crucified;
If not with nails their unoffending palms have nailed
On burning calumnies their living souls impaled.

The harridan who with the dawn begins,
And loudly chants throughout the livelong day,
The calendar of all her neighbours' sins.
Her thousands slays; not as assassins slay,
But deeper strikes, by cruel hint and sneering jibe,
Or kills by crushing weight of some foul diatribe.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

By CHAS. A. FEDERER, L.C.P.,

EDITOR, YORKSHIRE CHAP BOOKS, ETC., ETC.

No feeble intellect was thine—thy strains
In wildest grandeur were indeed complete ;
Succoured and nourished by Elysian rains,
What wonder then their tunes were ever sweet ?
And, when apostrophising thy dear dales,
Thy words rang out with eloquence divine,
Filling the moorlands and the woods and vales
With minstrelsy which pen can scarce define.
Nigh half a century has passed away
Since thou wert called to thine eternal rest ;
But thou art not forgotten, and I pay
To thee this tribute which thy songs suggest ;
For on thy county's glory-roll of fame,
Amongst the bards, thine is a foremost name.—EDITOR.

THE subject of this short biographical sketch was the first denizen of the Bingley and Bradford district who successfully wooed the poetic muse, and ventured to proclaim to the world the subject of his silent communings with nature and with the spirits of the past. A genuine Bingley man he was, though by the accident of birth he first saw the light at the hamlet of Weardley, near Harewood, on the 29th November, 1790: for he was but a few weeks old when his parents removed to Eldwick, that picturesque nook on the southern outskirts of Rom-bald's Moor, where his mother had sprung from.

Nicholson received his earliest instruction from a man named Briggs, who must have been a "technical" educator of the first water, for he combined the practical handicraft of besom making with the theoretical exposition of the three r's. The *heather* branches needed for the former part of his calling proved, however, to be far more abundant on the wild moors at the edge of which his "college" was established, than the *olive* branches entrusted to his educational care. John appears to have so far profited by Briggs' tuition, that he acquired an ardent taste for reading, which led him to peruse every book, no matter on what subject, which chance threw in his way. But together with this taste for literature, he unfortunately acquired that desultoriness which not unfrequently mars the career of individuals of promising intellectual capacities. At the age of twelve, John became



John Nicholson

a pupil at the Bingley Grammar School, at that time under the able mastership of Dr. Hartley, and he appears to have made remarkable progress in English composition, towards which his habit of reading and the bent of his mind naturally led him. His poetical instincts were besides fostered by the influences of his ordinary home life; for his father, Thomas Nicholson, was a man of considerable culture, acquainted with the literature of the day, and fond of reading extracts from Shakespere, Milton, Pope, etc., for the delectation of his family, accompanying them with intelligent comments and pointing out their beauties to his hearers.



BIRTHPLACE OF NICHOLSON.

A twelvemonth at the Grammar School was thought amply sufficient to complete John's education, and at the age of thirteen the lad was put to wool-sorting, with a view to his succeeding eventually to the business of his father, who was a woollen manufacturer on a small scale. His mind, unfortunately, was above his work, and regular occupation was so irksome to him that he embraced every opportunity of shirking his task and playing truant. His father's absence from home was usually the signal for John's throwing his work on one side and rambling off on the moors, with a book and his hautboy for his sole companions.

The lad's love for music, and his skill in playing the hautboy, led him gradually into surroundings less solitary and less elevating than the breezy moors, and he became fond of displaying his musical abilities before admiring circles at parties and in public house bars. It was at such a party he first met a vivacious and winsome girl, Mary Driver by name, who led his youthful fancy captive, and whom he wooed and won in the course of a short number of weeks, the happy bridegroom being of the mature age of nineteen, his blushing bride nearly two years his junior. Several of Nicholson's poems, published in later years, date from this period, being addressed to his beloved Mary in the first fervour of his youthful enthusiasm.

John's dream of connubial bliss proved but short; before a year had run its course, and before he himself had reached the twentieth year of his age, his loving wife died in child-birth. This severe stroke of adversity had a sobering effect upon the hitherto thoughtless youth: he forsook his gay companions, mourned for his past folly, and turned for comfort and succour to the God of his fathers. His parents were pious and consistent members of the Methodist body, and they naturally rejoiced at seeing their wayward son return to cast in his lot with them, and to seek that intimate communion of souls which is the truest bond of family life. John's serious impressions were genuine, and promised fair to be permanent; he became an active worker in the cause of Methodism, and by and by his name appeared on the circuit plan as an accepted local preacher, preparatory to his undergoing the needful training for the regular ministry. Sad to say, the instability which proved the curse of his after life, led him to marry again after a probation of little more than a year, thus debarring him from entering upon the ministerial career for which he appeared to be so well adapted. This second marriage took place in 1813, when he was but twenty-two years old, and led to his gradual estrangement from his old religious associations, the last ties which connected him with Methodism being severed two years after. Martha Wild, his second wife, proved a true and patient helpmate to him during the whole of his chequered life, and was spared to survive him several years.

For several years before and after his second marriage, John was in the employment of his father as a warehouseman; but in 1818 he left Eldwick to work at Shipley Fields Mill, where an advantageous situation was offered to him, and he took up his abode at Red Beck, in the immediate vicinity, where he remained for five years. The close neighbourhood to Bradford brought him into more immediate contact with the intellectual life of that "quick" town, and made him personally acquainted with many of the men of light and leading among the cultured classes. His own home became gradually a rendezvous of literature and art, whither a number of congenial minds

constantly flocked from all the neighbourhood, and he often declared in after times that the years spent at Red Beek were the happiest period of his life. Here, too, Nicholson's literary career really commenced; his manuscript effusions were circulated from hand to hand among his friends and reached gradually widening circles; satires on public men, sometimes, it must be acknowledged, bordering on the libellous, rendered his name a household word, and caused the epithet "Yorkshire Poet" to be bestowed upon him. Mr. Thompson, then manager of the old Duke Street Theatre, persuaded him to write a drama in three acts, entitled "The Robber of the Alps," which was acted with considerable success; and he followed this up with the historical drama, "The Siege of Bradford," the first of his works that was published.

For reasons which are not very clear, Nicholson gave up or lost his situation at Shipley Fields in 1822, when he removed to Harden, and not long afterwards to Hewenden, near Wilsden, where he again met with remunerative employment. Whilst at Harden, he had the good fortune of securing the patronage of J. G. Horsfall, Esq., an influential gentleman, who was instrumental in making him known amongst the neighbouring gentry and thus greatly promoting the sale of his works. The approaching appearance of a more ambitious effort of Nicholson's muse had been well advertised beforehand and talked about in literary circles, so that when "Airedale in Ancient Times," as he entitled the work, issued from the press in 1825, it met with an extraordinarily rapid sale, three editions of it being issued in the course of the year, and sheets purchased at the printing office as they were struck off from the press without waiting for them to be bound. The Bradford of 1825, with its 25,000 inhabitants, was evidently gifted with more appreciation for poetical literature, than the Bradford of our day with ten times that number of inhabitants.

This unprecedented and unhopd for success proved a fatal turning point in Nicholson's life. The intoxication of success gave a false colouring to everything that surrounded him; extravagant visions of fame and wealth floated before his mind's eye, and caused him to abandon his regular employment in order to devote himself exclusively to literature. The sale of any book, in a town so inconsiderable as Bradford then still was, being necessarily restricted, he began to travel about the country and to offer his works for sale at the residences of the gentry and clergy. This course was certainly the most profitable, considering that at that period the provincial book trade was in its infancy; but Nicholson's character was not one that could easily withstand the temptations which beset such a wandering life, and it is hardly surprising that the love of strong drink began to take an increasingly firm hold of him. This period, however, saw the appear-

ance of several new products of his fertile brain, chief among which stands "The Lyre of Ebor," a volume which undoubtedly contains the best efforts of his poetic muse, and which by itself would suffice to stamp him as a genuine poet and not a mere rhymester.

In 1828 Nicholson visited London; his adventures in the metropolis, and the reception he met with from the Yorkshire colony there, being related with charming *naïveté* in his pamphlet, "The Yorkshire Poet's Journey to London," of which two editions were published in the same year. Even according to his own showing, he was, to say the least of it, very incautious with respect to the places he visited and the company he got into; which want of a Yorkshireman's proverbial caution led to a compulsory interview with a London police magistrate, and to very unflattering remarks in the Yorkshire newspapers. Notwithstanding this, Nicholson repeated his visit to the metropolis the following year, but this time in the company and under the safeguard of his wife, who took care that he should not get into any more scrapes.

At this period the Factory Acts agitation was at its height; the West Riding Short Time Committee were quite alive to the importance of indoctrinating the public mind by means of pamphlets and fly sheets, and popular writers were sought out to aid the cause by their pen. Richard Oastler's attention was drawn to our poet, whose productions were known to circulate amongst all classes, and who would, therefore, be a very suitable instrument for the purposes of the agitation. An interview between the two took place at Fixby, and Nicholson was commissioned to write an epic poem of a certain length, which appeared in 1831 under the title of "The Factory Child," and was printed at Leeds at Mr. Oastler's expense. He was also probably the author of some shorter poems on kindred subjects, such as "The Little Piecener's Complaint," and others; but as the copyright passed, after the stipulated payment, into the hands of the Short Time Committee, none of them appeared in any edition of his collected poems, and it is now difficult to identify them. But it is not easy to understand why "The Factory Child" should not have been included in the editions published of late years.

Nicholson's connection with Oastler did not last long; the latter was a methodical, laborious, and intensely earnest man; Nicholson the very contrary. The vice of procrastination, to which literary men are specially prone, possessed the latter in an intensified degree, and the habit of writing "against time," soon led to the inevitable incapacity of writing at all unless "the fit was upon him," which happened more and more rarely. At last he confined himself to the mere republication of his old works. It is a painful task for the biographer to have to lay bare the folly and vice of a man of splendid intellect and

mental powers; but he must mournfully acknowledge that the sole cause of Nicholson's rapid decline and loss of brain power is to be sought in the intemperate habits which had grown upon him to a fearful extent since he adopted a wandering life. He made one more effort to free himself from the trammels of his besetting vice, and on the 14th February, 1835, he signed the pledge at the Wilsden Independent Chapel, a facsimile of his signature on that memorable occasion being appended to his portrait in this volume. He stated to the meeting that "he had been one of the most dreadful characters, and that perhaps he had drunk more liquor than any person present." But alas! the beautiful lines on "Genius and Intemperance", written nine years previously, were prophetic of his own fate, and after a very short time the demon drink again asserted its crushing power over its helpless victim.

Nicholson was fortunate in having secured a large circle of influential friends, by whose efforts his family was kept from want. Monetary gifts and valuable presents were bestowed upon him by Miss Tempest of Tong Hall, the Earl of Harewood, Lord Ribblesdale, George Lane Fox, Esq., of Bramham, and many others, and grants were obtained for him from the Royal Literary Fund. George Lane Fox, Esq., bestowed altogether no less than £200 upon Nicholson's family before and after the poet's death.

Nicholson had gone to live in Bradford in 1833, to resume his former occupation of woolsorter, in the employment of Mr. Titus Salt, whose warehouse was then in Union Street and who resided at No. 45, North Parade. His generous employer chose to overlook the fitfulness and irregularity of his work, and treated him with marked kindness and forbearance to the end of his life. Every Sunday and holiday, when the weather was favourable, found Nicholson on his beloved moors, "to clear his throat of Bradford smoke," as he was wont to say; and he would not unfrequently start off the evening before his holiday, so as to make the most of the time at his disposal. With such intent he left his Bradford home on the evening before Good Friday, 13th April, 1843, to visit his aunt at Eldwick, and unfortunately called at several places on his way. It was near midnight when he made for the stepping stones which at that time afforded a passage over the river Aire near Dixon's Mill. He must have missed his footing in the darkness, fallen into the river, and been carried some distance by the current, but appears to have eventually succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, where he lay, exhausted and benumbed with cold, till the break of day, when he was discovered by a passing labourer. But the vital spark had then already fled, and all efforts to reanimate the still warm body proved useless. An inquest was held, and on the 18th April, 1843, the remains of the unfortunate poet were committed to the grave in Bingley churchyard, in the presence of more than a thousand spectators.

A Complete Bibliography of the Works of John Nicholson.

Born at Weardley, near Harewood, 29th November, 1790;

Lost his life in crossing the river Aire, near Bingley, 14th April, 1843.

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- 2.—*Airedale in Ancient Times, a poem.* By John Nicholson. Bradford: printed for the author by J. & E. Nicholson. 1825. (8vo., ii & 42 pp., the last 8 pp. being notes.)
- 3.—*Airedale in Ancient Times, Elwood and Elvina, The Poacher, and other poems.* By John Nicholson. London: Sold by Seeley and Son, 160, Fleet Street; W. Jones, 5, Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row; and J. Offor, 44, Newgate Street. 1825. (8vo., xii & 207 pp.; preface dated "Hewnden, April 6th, 1825"; engraving by Bradley, representing the Druid's Altar, near Bingley, as frontispiece; engraved second titlepage, with view of Goit-Stock waterfall, also by Bradley; inner colophon: "Printed by G. & E. Nicholson, Bradford"; price 6s. boards. The first 34 pp. are worked off from the type set up for 2.)
- 4.—*Airedale in Ancient Times, Elwood and Elvina, The Poacher, and other poems.* By John Nicholson. Second Edition. London: Sold by Seeley and Son, 160, Fleet Street; W. Jones, 5, Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row; and J. Offor, 44, Newgate Street. 1825. (Unaltered reprint of 3; an additional paragraph is inserted in the preface, which is dated "Hewnden, November 5th, 1825.")
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- 8.—*The Yorkshire Poet's Walk through Knaresborough and its Vicinity.* 1826.
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- 10.—*The Lyre of Ebor; The Fall of Belshazzar; Genius and Intemperance; and other poems.* By John Nicholson, author of *Airedale in Ancient Times, The Poacher*, &c. London: Sold by Seeley and Son, 160, Fleet Street; and G. and E. Nicholson, Bradford. 1827. (8vo., viii. and 218 pp.; preface dated "Bingley, July 28th, 1827"; inner colophon "G. and E. Nicholson, printers, Kirkgate, Bradford.")
- 11.—*The Yorkshire Poet's Journey to London.* Leeds: Printed by Robinson and Herniman, and sold by all Booksellers. 1828. (Crown 8vo., 47 pp.)

- 12.—*The Yorkshire Poet's Journey to London.* By John Nicholson. Second Edition. London: Printed for Hurst, Chance, and Co., St. Paul's Church-yard, London; and Robinson and Hernaman, Leeds. 1828. Crown 8vo., 47 pp.; label on cover—"The Yorkshire Poet's Journey to London. Price 1s.")
- 13.—*England's Lament for the Loss of her Constitution: a poem.* By John Nicholson. Leeds: Printed for the author, by T. Wray, White Cross Yard, opposite Greaves's Hotel, Briggate. 1829. (4to., 18 pp.; dedicated "to the Venerable John, earl of Eldon.")
- 14.—*Love Moor Iron-Works; a poem,* by John Nicholson, author of *Airedale*, &c. Bradford: T. Inkersley & Co., Kirkgate. 1829. (12mo., 11 pp.)
- 15.—*The Poacher. A tale from real life.* By John Nicholson, author of "*Airedale*," &c., &c. Fourth Edition. "*The Receiver is as bad as the Thief.*"—Old Proverb. Bradford: printed for the author, by G. and E. Nicholson. 1830. (12mo., 20 pp.; tailpiece; price 6d.)
- 16.—*The Vale of Ilkley.* 1831.
- 17.—*The Factory Child, a poem.* London: Whittaker, Treacher and Arnott, and sold by all booksellers. 1831. (12mo., 54 pp. & 1 p. errata; terminal colophon "Leeds: Printed by T. Inchbold"; title on cover "The Factory Child, A Poem. Price One Shilling.")
- 18.—*The Siege of Bradford.* Second Edition, 1831. (The alterations in the text are considerable; etching by Geller as frontispiece.)
- 19.—*Poems by John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, with a sketch of his life and writings,* by John James, author of "*The History of Bradford.*" London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans; and Charles Stanfield, Bradford. MDCCCXLIV. (8vo., xlv. and 204 pp., and 16 pp. subscribers' names; false title with advert. of James' History of Bradford; engraved portrait by W. O. Geller, from the original painting now in the Bradford Art Museum; inner colophon "C. Stanfield, printer, Bradford.")
- 20.—*England's Lament for the Loss of her Constitution: a poem published in 1829, on the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill.* By John Nicholson, author of *Airedale*, and other poems. Re-published as being very applicable to the present times. Bradford: Printed by H. O. Marson, Kirkgate. 1850. (12mo., 18 pp.; printed cover.)
- 21.—*Love Moor Ironworks: A Poem, first published in 1820.* By John Nicholson, author of *Airedale*, and other poems. Bingley: Printed by J. Dobson, Market Place. 1850. (12mo., 12 pp.)
- 22.—*Poems by John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet.* Edited by W. Dearden, author of the "*Star Seer*," &c. With a sketch of his life and writings. By John James, F.S.A., author of "*The History of Bradford.*" "*The History of the Worst Manufacture*," etc. Fourth Edition. London: W. H. Young, Bishopsgate; and J. Harrison & Son, York Place, Bingley. MDCCCLX. (8vo., lii & 208 pp., engraved portrait by W. O. Geller, from the same plate as 17; second engraved title page with view of Nicholson's birth-place, by G. Burton; inner colophon "J. Harrison and Son, printers, Bingley." A few copies were struck off on large paper. 4to.)
- 23.—*Lines spoken at the Anniversary Meeting at Leeds, to celebrate the birthday of Burns.* 1826. Reprinted for the Burns' Centenary in 1859. (12mo handbill.)

- 24.—*The Poetical Works of John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet.* Fifth Edition. 1863.
- 25.—*The Poetical Works of John Nicholson (the Airedale Poet); carefully edited from the original editions, with additional notes, and a sketch of his life and writings. By W. F. Hird, author of "Scripture Names and their Relation to Ancient History," etc.* London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Bradford: Thomas Brear. 1876. (8vo., lxxii & 431 pp.; portrait of Nicholson from the retouched plate of 20; six photographic illustrations; inner colophon "Edinburgh: Printed by McFarlane and Erskine, St. James' Square."
- 26.—*Poems by John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet. With a sketch of his life and writings, by John James, F.S.A., author of "The History of Bradford," "The History of the Worsted Manufacture," &c., &c.* Reprinted from the originals published in the poet's lifetime. Bingley: Thomas Harrison, Queen Street, and all Booksellers. 1876. (Fcap 8vo.; vi & 261 pp.; thirteen woodcuts; address to the reader signed "Abraham Holroyd, Saltaire, August, 1876"; printed cover: price 3s. 6d.)

On Bingley.

Thy beauties, Bingley! never have been sung
 By stranger-bard, or native poet's tongue;
 Then may my humble muse with thee prevail
 To pardon my presumption, if I fail
 In this attempt thy beauties to rehearse
 In rustic strains of my untutor'd verse.
 Of all the learned youths whom thou hast sent
 To distant seas, or some far continent,
 Though these on thee have thought in other climes,
 All have forgot to praise thee in their rhymes.
 When on thy lovely vale I stand to gaze,
 I feel thou need'st from me no meed of praise:
 Thy hanging woods, thy fountains, and thy bowers,
 Thy dashing floods, thy landscapes, and thy
 flowers,
 Thy bold grey rocks, thy healthy purple fells,
 Where silent solitude with beauty dwells;
 Thy homes where honest worth still finds a seat,
 And love and virtue a serene retreat—
 Such scenes as these should plume the poet's wing,
 And swell his heart while he attempts to sing.

O may Religion, life's best hope and stay,
 The maids of Bingley teach the better way!
 Their minds instruct, their innocence protect,
 Their manners soften and their paths direct;
 May they be like the turtles of the wood,
 That dip their bills in Aire's meandering flood;
 Then, at the last, faith's sunshine on each breast,
 Soar to the mansions of eternal rest!
 Innate their principle of truth and love,
 Pure as the plumage of the turtle dove,
 Sweet as the flowers, when bending to the sun,
 Are Bingley's daughters when they love but one.
 We have the mountain breeze, the cold pure
 spring;
 The woods where ev'ry British bird doth sing;
 Wild plants and flowers, wild birds, and scenes
 as wild,
 Or soft as any on which nature smil'd,
 Blooming and lovely, as the moon is fair,
 And pure as ether are the nymphs of Aire.
 The weeping birch, the great majestic oak,
 Where dark green ivy forms a winter's cloak;
 The purple heath, where dappled moorcocks
 crow;
 The sylvan vales, with limping hares below,
 The brooding pheasant, beauty of the wood,
 And spotted trout that cleave the amber flood.
 For finer walks, for more sequester'd bowers,
 For cooler grottos, and for richer flowers,
 For streams that wind more beautiful along,
 For birds with louder chorus to their song,
 For all that gen'rous Nature can bestow,
 All Yorkshire scenes to Bingley-vale must bow.

Lines written at Goit-stock.

HAIL! thou sequester'd rural seat,
 Which ever beauteous dost appear,
 Where the sweet songsters oft repeat
 Their varied concerts, wild and clear!

Upon thy crystal-bosom'd lake
Th' inverted rocks and trees are seen,
Adorn'd with many a snowy flake,
Or in their leafy robes of green.

O could a rural rhymer sing
The lovely scenes so richly dress'd,
Where piety may plume her wing,
And sweet seclusion form her nest !

Here may the contemplative mind
Trace Nature and her beauties o'er
And meditation rest reclin'd,
Lull'd by the neighbouring cataract's roar.

Here, wearied with gay scenes of life,
The sire may see his children play,
While heav'n has bless'd him with a wife,
Who smiles his happy hours away.

If ever fairies tripp'd along,
Or danc'd around in airy mirth,
They surely to this place did throng,—
Or else they never danc'd on earth.

The Loves and Graces here might stay ;
Th' enamour'd pair, with bosoms true,
Unseen appoint the nuptial day,
Among these scenes for ever new ;

The poet tune his rustic lyre,
If genius trembled on the strings,
And merit modestly aspire,
If friendship deign'd to plume his wings.

O that I could meet tribute pay,
As 'tis upon my heart impress'd !
My song of friendship here would stay,
When waves the grass above my breast.

The New Church at Wilsden.

—

WHAT various temples, since old Time began,
 Have on this little globe been rear'd by man!
 What different kinds of gods been worshipp'd here,
 Since earth, new form'd, was balanc'd in the sphere!
 Some, ere the pointed pyramids, arose,
 In lands remote, which scarce a modern knows.
 When cost was nought,—and Asia at command
 Brought forth its treasures to the builder's hand,
 The Jewish fanes which seem'd to scorn decay,
 Tower'd in the sun—alas! where now are they?
 Would wealthy Europe golden millions give
 One column from those fabrics to retrieve,
 'Twere all in vain—no stone, nor sculptured arch,
 But Time has trodden down beneath his march.
 All the old temples built when Hesiod sung,
 And those which stood when Homer's lyre was
 strung,
 Are cover'd o'er with herbage or with trees,
 And not one relic the sage trav'ler sees.
 The abbeyes where "Te Deum" oft was sung,
 And sweet-tun'd instruments of music rung,
 Are cloth'd with ivy's venerable screen,
 And creeping lichens' variegated green;
 Successive storms the towers in furrows wear,
 And on their columns dampy sweats appear;
 Tall shrubs upon the mould'ring arches grow,
 And, drooping, wave o'er humbler weeds below;
 And high engrav'd upon the time-worn scroll,
 Scarce legible, the words, "Pray for the soul!"
 The long grass trembles on the broken wall,
 And ev'ry year some shatter'd fragments fall.

Not so with thee, O Church, so fair and new,
 White as the polish'd marble to the view.—
 Ere any stone is loosen'd from thy wall,
 New states may rise, and mighty empires fall!
 Perhaps, like Greece, old Albion shall decay,
 Ere those fine columns shall be worn away;
 Its commerce and its glory be no more,
 And science flee to some far distant shore;

With lofty trees thou may'st be circled round,
And thy walls echo with the organ's sound.
A town may flourish on this barren hill,
Renown'd for science, commerce, wealth, and skill!

Here shall some pastor, learned, good, and just,
With solemn rite, resign the dust to dust ;
Perform each office with a pious care,
And cheer the wretched sinking in despair.
The bride, with modest blushes on her face,
Shall lightly tread across the hallow'd place,
So fill'd with joy when to the altar led,
Joy mix'd with fear,—a momentary dread !
Here will the pious sons and daughters mourn,
As slowly from a parent's tomb they turn ;
Here shall the tuneful youths, the virgin train,
Join with the pealing organ's holy strain,
Touch'd by the sweet expressive warbling trills,
That give those undescrib'd cold shiv'ring thrills
To minds possessed of feeling's sacred leaven,
And charm the soul, and lift it up to heaven.

But different sects in time may yet arise,
And the pure doctrines of the Church despise :
A future reformation yet may come,
And o'er our blest religion cast a gloom.
Such great mutations have all earthly things :
Creeds oft have changed with dynasties or kings !
The future generations yet may hope
For heav'nly bliss through pardons from the Pope ;
The cross, the holy water, and the shrine
Of some fam'd saint, may yet be thought divine !
But whatsoever doctrine here is given,
May every pastor teach the way to heaven !



THOMAS NORMINGTON.

BY CLARENCE FOSTER, M.R.C.S.

AUTHOR OF "A DREAM OF THE ADRIATIC," "MEMORIAL SONNETS OF ITALY," "MY TOUR ON THE CONTINENT," ETC., ETC.

THE poetic aphorism, "whom the Gods love die young," was never perhaps more truly exemplified than in the fate of the youthful versifier who forms the subject of this notice, and whose aspiring genius and celestial fire were too soon, alas! extinguished.

Well might we exclaim while bending over his early grave:—

"There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give."

But futile and vain as all human regrets may be, we cannot but lament that a life, whose first-fruits gave promise of such abundant harvest, should thus have been so hastily and relentlessly snatched away. Thomas Normington first saw the light at Stockbridge, Keighley, on August 1st, 1843, and was of that sickly, ailing nature, which not only prevented his following any very active employment, but which finally resolved itself into hopeless pulmonary disease.

At fifteen he became a pupil-teacher at the Keighley Wesleyan School, and five years later, having meritoriously acquired a Queen's Scholarship, was admitted a student of the Westminster Training College. At this institution he signally distinguished himself, and was the fortunate recipient of several academic honours; but his fragile physique utterly gave way under the continued mental strain, and beating a hurried retreat, he sought once more the parental hearth, not, as he vainly trusted, for restoration, but to droop and to die.

His compositions first appeared in the "Keighley Visitor," shortly before his decease, which melancholy event took place on the 28th of April, 1865, in the twenty-second year of his age.

Like the illustrious Mantuan, who sang of flocks and fields, this young disciple of the Muse was never so happy as when carelessly wandering amid the verdant woods and pleasant pastures of his native vale, and the delight he felt on such occasions finds adequate expression in his "Voice of the Flowers," which, together with his other poems, display at once a rare delicacy of fancy and tender appreciation.

The Voice of the Flowers.

SEEK ye the beautiful!—seek ye the free,
Seek ye the pure and the true?
Then come to the woodlands, away with me,
And the flowers shall answer you.
Is your heart weary with toil and strife?
Is the hope within you dead?
O come to the fields where the verdant life
Of the wealthy year is shed.

The voice of the flowers is soft and low,
And shall soothe the heart's unrest,
While around you the radiant colours glow,
Like the joys within the breast.
In beauteous characters—pure and bright,
Our Father His love hath told,
In the glistening hue of silvery white,
And the sheen of sparkling gold.

The rose is for love—so the poets say—
Young love in his burning prime:
Then taste of his honeyed breath, ye that may,
Ere cometh his fading time.
O rose of the summer, O emblem sweet,
Of the sweetest draught of bliss,
That the weary spirits of mortals meet
In a world of woe like this!

And the lily—the lady of the vale,
The queen of the flowers is she:
With her graceful form and her cheek so pale,
Like the spirit of purity.
O I would not pluck thee, mystical flower,
So tender, and pure, and sweet;
For thy beauty would lose its spell of power,
Away from this wild retreat.

But the flower I love—that most I love,
Is a flower of hardy mien;
It lights up the shade of the woodland grove,
And thrives in the cottage green;

O the peerless blue of its laughing eye,
 With never a cloud or blot :
 'Tis the flower for which the absent sigh—
 The cherished " Forget-me-not."

Then weave ye a garland, but put not in
 The leaves of the adonis ;
 But the amaranth and the eglantine,
 And the honey flower of bliss ;
 And blend ye the ivy and hawthorn still,
 The mint and the laurel too—
 And throw in your king-cups too, if ye will,
 While I add a sprig of *Few!*

Town and Country.

WHAT can the country boast ? Ask of the spring
 And she shall point thee to the flowery field ;
 The verdant grove, the wild-wood echoing
 With gushing music, such as young hearts yield :
 The torrent leaping from its dizzy height,
 The sunbeams dancing on the laughing sea,
 Earth, air, and ocean teeming with delight,
 And life all joyous as it aye should be.

Ask of the summer, and the nymph shall tell
 Of golden dawns and of purple eves—
 Of fays that dance within the moonlit dell,
 While amorous night-winds kiss the whispering leaves :
 And she shall tell thee of the babbling rill,
 And teach thy heart to catch its wondrous song,—
 For nature hath her matchless minstrels still,
 Who lift their voices lovingly and long.

And sober autumn, rich in garner'd gold,
 In wealth more precious than the miser's hoard,
 In pomp of woodlands, gorgeous to behold,
 And all the joys her glories can afford.

And frigid winter on his icy throne
 Is yet enrolled with a bespangled dress ;
 His voice hath much of music in its tone,
 Though weird and wild, yet not enjoyed the less.

And thus the circling seasons as they pass,
Their grateful tribute to the peasant bring,
While they who toil in cities feel, alas,
Nor joy, nor thanks for nature's offering!

What can the city boast? A leaden sky,
A filthy atmosphere, whose poisonous breath
Hangs heavy with disease—a canopy
Beneath whose shelter sits the monarch *Death!*
And haggard misery stalks the busy street,
And blear-eyed villany her steps attend,
While sounds discordant and unearthly meet,
And mingling thus, in hideous chorus blend,
Till the heart sickens and the brain doth reel:
And the stunned ear in horror turns aside,
But turns aside with effort vain, for still
Ye must rush onward with the whirling tide.

No Sabbath or for man or beast, for here
They have no souls to save, no heaven to win,
But all is strife and turbulence and fear,
And sordid wealth, and wailing, want, and sin.

The city boasts its splendid palaces,
Its gorgeous temples and its halls of state;
But canst thou, citizen, compare with these,
God's matchless temple, gloriously great,
Whose starry lamps, undimmed by age or time,
Are countless as the ocean's sands; whose choir
Of myriad choristers in notes sublime,
Sing ceaseless anthems that to heaven aspire—
Whose worshippers are everlasting hills,
And solemn woods, and angel-flowers that fling
A living fragrance, that like incense fills
The Holy place at evening offering;
Whose dread shechinah hovers night and day,
Whose God is ever present seen in power,
All glorious in the noontide's golden ray,
Or shadowed forth at midnight's mystic hour.

AN OPERATIVE OF KEIGHLEY

Published in 1834, "The Weaver's Complaint; or, a bundle of plain facts, a novel poem." Keighley: R. Aked; London: H. Hetherington, pp. 50. As a sample of the versification we give the following extract:—

An Operative of Keighley.

THE weaver then further continued and said,—
I have thus the chief part of these sermons displayed,
And therefore shall leave you to judge as you may
Of the wisdom those learn who for such lessons pay.

And yet, strange to tell, there are thousands of poor,
Who these same venal sycophants so much adore,
That they'll run far and near, though expiring thro' want,
To pay their last pennies in hearing their cant.

By reason of which, as you now may behold,
They have sunk from a nation free, cheerful, and bold,
To slaves, on whom tyrants at pleasure can prey,
And whose souls are by priestcraft quite frittered away.

Who, instead of exerting the pow'r they possess,
In relieving their own and their neighbour's distress,
Are wasting the vigour of body and mind,
In a form of religion that's nothing but wind.

And coward-like striving, by clamour and din,
By huge prayers and long puffs against Satan and sin,
To slip into heaven without going through
Even one single duty designed them to do.

But as hunger, I feel has exhausted my strength,
And your patience with such must be worn to the length,
I shall spend the last breath that I yet have to spare,
In presenting to heaven this short earnest prayer—

Which is that dark bigotry's bundle of creeds
May be changed for religion in actions and deeds,
And each hypocrite find that his loved faith, alone,
For his evil transactions can never atone.



Ben Preston

BEN PRESTON.

BY THE REV. J. W. KAYE, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S.L.

RECTOR OF DERRYBRUSK, ENNISKILLEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES OF THE WIVES OF THE POETS," ETC.

POETRY is the music of life, and the minstrelsy of literature ; breathing forth the sweetest strains of tenderness or swelling to the grandeur of a full choral diapason.

If it be true that poets are born, not made, that fact would account for the not infrequent development of the poetic faculty apparently amid the most unfavourable environments, and under the most unpropitious circumstances.

One would be apt to think that the monotonous routine and grinding toil of a Yorkshire factory life, would be most unlikely and unsuitable for evolving the qualities and characteristics of a Poet. Yet Nature sometimes indulges in the strangest freaks, and Poets are "born" in the most unexpected places.

Ben Preston was born on the 10th of August, 1819, in a humble cottage in Bradford. His father received very little school education ; and was a hand-loom weaver at the time Ben was born. But he was a man who had a thirst for knowledge, and gave as much time to reading as his daily work and family wants would allow. Being left an orphan at an early age, he had known something both of the trials and the penury of the poor, and had no desire that his children should grow up either in ignorance or in want.

Ben was but a few months old when his father removed from Bradford to a place called Waterside, about a mile and a half from the town ; still following his occupation of hand-loom weaver. Here Ben became enamoured of Nature's loveliness ; his ears opened to the songs of the birds, and the sighing of the winds ; his eyes beheld with delight the green hillsides, the spreading trees, and the ripples of the rivulet. Only for a few years of his youthful life was he permitted to revel in these delights.

His father removed back with his family to Bradford, having obtained work in the warehouse of Mr. Richard Faweett, in whose employ he remained for the next seventeen years. Ben was now sent to school, as his father was anxious that his son should obtain some of the rudiments of education before he was put to constant daily work.

His brother John, who afterwards became famous in his native county as the Artist-Preacher, and who was born in their two-roomed house at Waterside, was more fortunate in the matter of education. Ben being older was put to work sooner, to help the family income. A few years at an elementary school was all that fell to his lot, before he was bound an apprentice to his father's employers, to learn the trade of wool-sorting. It was now the weary monotony of his life began, it was now that the cherished memories of his early youth haunted him with their dreamy music and their visions fair,—

“The landscape gliding swift,
Athwart imaginations vivid eye.”

It was now, in these apprenticeship days, that Ben began to read with a purpose, and study both nature and human-nature, in such hours as he could filch from sleep and daily toil.

At this age Burns was following the plough on his father's farm at Alloway; Bloomfield was following the craft of a shoemaker with his brothers in a garret in London; and Chatterton was studying antiquated English in old parchment manuscripts from the Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol.

It was in these toilsome days Ben Preston felt the “Divinity stir within him,” and he became conscious of the Muse's presenee, when he could—

“At intervals descry,
Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,
Openings of heaven.”

In measured lines and rhyming couplets he began to tell the joys and sorrows of the common people, among whom he lived and laboured. The first poem he ventured to make public, appeared in the *Bradford Observer*. Other compositions followed, and discerning men began to see that there was true poetry in the soul of Ben Preston.

Ben's parents were strict Calvinistic Baptists; but neither Ben nor his brother John could find soul-rest in the teachings of that estimable religious body.

The Preston family lived in a small house in the yard of Holme Mill, Thornton Road, and father and mother were most regular in their attendance at public worship, when family cares did not prevent.

They endeavoured to set a good example to their children; and of his mother Ben says she was “as pious and as blameless a woman as ever lived.” Soon after attaining the age of manhood, Ben got married, still following the occupation of wool-sorting, which was then on the decline.

He had many opportunities of witnessing the exercise of that arbitrary power by which the "factory-hands" were held down in pinching poverty by the "Factory Lords." His soul rebelled against all such acts of tyranny; and in scathing sarcasm he wrote "T' Short Timer." "Aw nivver can call hur mi wife," and other like pieces.

Among the poorer classes he found traits the most loveable, depths of human nature that appealed to his poet-soul, quivering with truest and purest love and sympathy, and so incomparably depicted in "Come to thi Gronny, Doy." He found hearts bravely bearing up with the noblest endurance under sickness, sorrow and poverty, and souls yearning with unspoken aspirations for all that is good and beautiful and true, so touchingly told to us in "T' Weyvver's Deceath."

But to know these things as living truths, to be thrilled with the pathos of humble life, to be inspired with the greatness and grandeur of the self-sacrifice of the common people, you must live among them and share their trials. For twenty years after his marriage this was Ben Preston's experience, toiling on, sorrowing, singing and saving, when in May, 1865, he removed with his family to a house at Gilstead. When the common lands of Bingley were enclosed, allotments were awarded to numerous claimants, and our Poet purchased an allotment from Mr. Alfred Harris, junr., and built a house away from the noise and smoke of town life. His brother John previously bought two allotments on Gilstead Moor, and built a residence there in 1862.

For some reason or other Ben Preston sold his property at Gilstead, and retired to a house near Eldwick Glen, which commands a grand view of the wild moorland, adjoining the far-famed Shipley Glen.

In the August of 1889, the writer of this sketch, accompanied by his friend J. S. Jowett, Esq., of Brighouse, had the pleasure of visiting Ben Preston at his home at Eldwick. He was then 70 years old, hale and buoyant; his memory still strong and active, and stored with richest treasures of poetry and prose. The recitation of the choicest selections from Shakespere, Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson and others, was his delight.

His conversational powers were excellent, and the matter of his discourse was both edifying and amusing. His manners were homely and unreserved; and yet in all his words and actions there were manifest marks of natural refinement.

The rare and peculiar genius of Ben Preston as a Poet is displayed in his dialect poems; they are to York-hire what the dialect poems of Edwin Waugh are to Lancashire. In some of his other poems he has attained a high degree of excellence, especially in "The Poet," "The

Oak and the Ivy," "The Mariner's Church," "Adelphos," and others.

His poetry is the apt expression, in appropriate words, metrical and musical, of the beautiful symbolism of nature, the love of liberty and truth, and of the noble, tender, and passionate struggling of the soul in the humbler walks in life.

He greatly reminds us of the remarkable poet-artist, William Blake. His language, like Blake's, is highly imaginative, deeply pathetic, and strongly self-assertive; and like Blake, too, he is a self-educated man. He has contributed many articles on social questions to the public press. A complete edition of his poems was published in 1881 by Thos. Brear, of Kirkgate, Bradford; and in 1889 a short sketch of his life by J. E. Preston, appeared in *Andrew's North Country Poets*, from which we have gleaned some particulars. The poems of Ben Preston deserve a prominent position in every Yorkshire Library.

Night Visions.

SWEET are the long hours of the solemn night,
That bring the peace that hovers o'er the dead,
For scenes, illumined by no earthly light,
Rise in the chaos round the pillowed head;
The Eden world my sinless childhood knew
Springs from the grave of time to bless my view.

The soft warm wind is scented with the breath
Of flowers that perished in my babyhood,
The melody of voices hushed in death
Re-echoes merrily thro' vale and wood;
My home, my first home, seen thro' gushing tears,
Shines in the sun of long-departed years.

Beside our cottage stands the ancient oak,
O'er which we mourned as for a father slain,
And all uninjured by the woodman's stroke
Spreads its paternal arms and lives again;
And there beneath its boughs sits many a form
Long since consigned to darkness and the worm.

But where is she, the glory of my youth,
 Whose absence made the crowd a solitude ?
 Life had no ills when she was near to soothe—
 The innocent ! the beautiful ! the good !
 O, joy, joy, joy ! she comes once more to bless ;
 Let silence, poor dumb harp, my bliss express.

Cherubic lore with haloes girds her brow,
 But all the seraph fills her pitying eyes,
 And warnings, given in whispers sweet and low,
 Fall on my ears like music from the skies ;
 Her tears I see, her trembling hand I feel—
 Angel of light ! I know thou lov'st me still.

'Tis gone ! but ere the vision passed away
 Her finger pointed to her home above ;
 And looks, than words more melting, seemed to say
 That sin alone can sever those who love.
 And that our hearts but tasted here below
 The heaven that goodness may for ever know.

Old home, old scenes, I seek—I haunt ye yet,
 Tho' there sad changes me and mine befell,
 Tho' strangers there in me a stranger met,
 There is no place on earth I love so well.
 Forget not, oh my soul, in dreams of pride
 Or vain pursuits, who there have lived and died.

The Poet.

THE poet stands in solemn mood
 Amid the whisp'ring solitude ;
 The stars that gird the far-off pole
 Speak to his list'ning earnest soul ;
 The night-wind and the ocean's roar
 Utter their deep and solemn lore ;
 To him, all forms in mystic speech
 Lessons of priceless wisdom teach,
 He only can their whispers hear,
 He, Nature's own interpreter.

Tho' oft unheard, or heard amiss,
Still, still for him creation is
Heaven's language, God's unchanging word,
By night, by day, for ever heard—
Heard as when first the measured chime
Of moving worlds gave birth to time—
Voices which, heeded or unheard,
Shall yet speak out till time shall be
Gone, like a night-toll, that but stirred
The stillness of eternity.

Alas! that poet ever strove
To wake the throb of guilty love,
Alas! that e'er the sacred lyre
Was touched to rouse the warrior's ire,
That sounds so heavenly e'er should be
Blended with bacchant revelry.

Not so, sings God and Nature's bard,
Heaven and not fame is his reward;
His are the songs whose numbers roll
Their gusts of feeling o'er the soul,
Stirring its deeps as breezes wake
To life and health the stagnant lake;
His are the strains that soothe to rest
The furies of the human breast,
Flood the dark soul with light, and dart
Like sunbeams through the frozen heart;
His spoken music, even when wild
As is the wildest minstrelsy
Of rushing wind or roaring sea,
With trumpet notes of truth is filled—
A music bringing peace, and hopes
Of power to calm remorse and fear.

Yet, sweet and holy as the tear,—
The first tear a fond mother drops
O'er the still babe that slumbers near,—
His words, with fire celestial fraught,
Quicken the buried seeds of thought;
God planted seeds that, as they shoot
Upward into the daylight, grace
With beauty, verdure, flowers, and fruit
The dreary mental wilderness.

Comes to his ear the word divine,
 From all below, around, above,
 He sees without, he feels within,
 The eternal Life, and Light, and Love ;
 And God's own language, whispered long,
 Bursts from his lips in fervid song—
 Song that shall sound in human ears
 His changeless truth thro' changing years.

The Age of Poesy is gone.

NAME, gold, and power alone can bless,
 So mortals look not heavenward now,
 But guideless, godless, fatherless,
 Bend to the base earth heart and brow.

This world is but a timepiece, formed
 To wear away its springs and stop,
 So hearts grow cold and dead, unwarned,
 Unvivified by Faith and Hope.

Tho' the Creator's living laws
 All things in heaven and earth control,
 God, or God's work, no longer draws
 Awe, love, or wonder from the soul.

Hearts, yearning for a father's love,
 Shed orphans' tears and feel alone,
 Mammon hath quenched the lights above—
 The Age of Poesy is gone.

And is it so ? Speak, sons of thought,
 Who looking ever to the skies,
 Have, in the soul's deep stillness, caught
 Heaven's loftiest, holiest harmonies.

Man cannot live unsoothed by song,
 Sick of this world's low cares and pain,
 The fainting soul will turn, ere long,
 To hear the minstrel's harp again.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES

By a Bingley Tallow Chandler. This was the title of a shilling booklet issued at Bingley in 1849. Pp. 46. Keighley: Robert Aked. We give his poem on

R e f o r m .

I AM a little lonely word,
Which men do often use,
But when at home I would be heard,
I meet with their abuse.
At meetings held in open air,
Where many men did come ;
I often have been used there
But none would take me home.
In dwellings large they use me too,
Where men drink and carouse ;
But none e'er say, " kind sir, will you
Go with me to our house."
The tailor used me yesterday,
In asking for his vote ;
Yet from my face he turn'd away,
Whilst he cut out a coat.
The broker pledg'd my friend to be,
He would oppose all sin ;
But he forgets his pledge to me
When he takes pledges in.
And when I plead with good intent,
With men on every side,
They say " you go to Parliament,
There evermore abide."
And with a man I've journey'd there,
Whose eyes roll'd clear and bright ;
But he ne'er had a bed to spare
That I might stay all night.
Then take me to your fireside
My duty I'll perform ;
And you'll be known both far and wide
As kindly to Reform.

JOSEPH ROBERTSHAW,

BY REV. R. V. TAYLOR, B.A. F.R.H.S.

VICAR OF MELBECKS, RICHMOND; AUTHOR OF "YORKSHIRE ANECDOTES," "LEEDS WORTHIES," ETC., ETC.

MR. JOSEPH ROBERTSHAW, of Halifax, is the author of two or three volumes of verse, and has also made many pleasing contributions to the "Poets' Corner" of local newspapers. He is a native of Halifax, and was born on the 3rd of December, 1822, and is therefore now about 63 years of age. In 1836 he went to reside in Luddenden Valley, near Halifax, to learn the worsted business with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Ambler, of Peel House Mills. It was during his residence in the lovely and secluded valley of Luddenden that Southey's "Remains of Henry Kirke White" came under his notice, and opened to him the beautiful land of poesy. He still cherishes a love for the memory of the young and gifted Nottinghamshire poet. In 1853, Mr. Robertshaw removed to Keighley, and was manager for Samuel Cunliffe Lister, Esq., in his wool-combing establishment, until the business was given up in 1868; he then became manager for a Limited Liability Company. It was during his residence at Keighley that two of his books were issued from the press: the title of one being "Yorkshire Tales and Legends," comprising "A Ramble to Bolton Abbey," "Tom Lee, a Tale of Wharfedale," and "The One Pound Note, a tale of Hebden Bridge." His other work is called "Meditative Hours, and other Poems," pp. 240. Keighley, 1856; with "Sketches and Traditions of the Yorkshire Moorlands," etc. His "Meditative Hours" were dedicated by permission to the late Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., then M.P. for Halifax. This volume contains some fine poems, which evince a strong love of Nature, combined with choice language and easy versification. In August 1855, when he became Editor of the *Keighley Visitor*, he contributed a large number of tales and sketches to the pages of that journal. Besides the above, there appeared by him, "Protestantism, the Safeguard of Christian Principles;" the "Importance of Youth and the Necessity of its Improvement;" and "A few Thoughts on Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge." He also inserted in the *Keighley Visitor*, "A Ramble to Bolton Abbey," "Tom Lee," "The One Pound Note," and these have passed through several editions. In 1886, Mr. Robertshaw had a paralytic seizure, which disabled him from attending to business, and he removed to Halifax in 1888, his native place, where he still resides. Many of his poems are well worth reading and committing to memory, for recitations at public meetings, etc. To us it appears grand and elevating when a man immersed in the cares of business can thus devote his little leisure, and take delight in the "Charms of Sweet Poesy," when the toils and labours of the day are done.



Joseph Robertshaw

My Native Glens.

LONE wandering in my native glens remote
From men, in nature's wilds how sweet to stray,
While the lone blackbird's soft mellifluous note
Is heard in plaintive strains at close of day :—
When twilight gently deepens all around,
And veils in mellow shades the prospect fair,
'Tis Eden, for in every sight and sound
The Everlasting One in majesty walks there.
The spirit, hampered by the ills of life,
Here finds a season brief of calm repose ;
Rest from the world's conflicting scenes of strife ;
A respite from humanity's deep woes.
The balmy breath of forest flowers sports round,
In playfulness, the aching, grief-scarred brow ;
The wearied mind, in reverie profound,
Is lull'd to tranquil rest by the calm streamlet's flow.
Come, pensive Melancholy, come ! meet form
To grace a solitary scene like this ;
Come to my heart ; no frost now nibs—no storm
Comes with rude breath to mar our mutual bliss.
Pastoral beauty decks the landscape dim :—
Secluded wood—paths under star-lit skies
Invite our steps : and hidden songsters hymn,
In sweetest harmony, their forest melodies.
Oh ! beauteous goddess, now I feel thy power,
I catch the glances of thy melting eye,
The soft sensations which my soul come o'er,
With holy impulse, tell me thou art nigh,
Thou fair illuminator of the soul ;
Thou gushing spring of intellectual fire ;
Thy humble wooer owns thy kind control,
And pours, for thee, the music of his humble lyre.
Thou ! gentle one, hast often hushed to peace
The stormy passions that invade the mind
Of the lone bard, who, glad of his release
From worldly cares—in happy ease reclined,
Has sweetly dreamed of childhood's flowery home,
Of treasures deep enshrined within the heart ;
While dear and long-departed ones have come
With radiant smiles their soothing influence to impart.

Or, led by thee, through fancy's boundless world,
Above the starry-fretted vault of heaven,
What holy visions hast thou oft unrolled
To my tranced gaze—what raptures have they
given!
How pleasant thus in mossy dell to lie,
And snatch from bygone days life's dearest flow'rs;
Or view, while fast the happy moments fly,
Our future home, with hopes to gain its blissful
bowers.
Oh! yes, I love these glens; thou evening star
Bear witness to my passion deep and strong;
For thou hast wandered with me near and far,
Their silent shades and green retreats among.
Here, joining nature in her tuneful strain
Of vocal praise to her Creator's name,
'Tis sweet to worship in this glorious fane,
While woodland voices fan devotion's holy flame.

My Native Hills.

I SING the everlasting hills, that rear
Their giant forms around my moorland home—
A lowly home, 'tis true, but far more dear
Than place and wealth beneath Victoria's dome.
O, mighty mountains, noble, high and hoar!
Proudly and firm ye stand, as ever, now;
Nor lightning's flash can scathe, nor thunder's roar,
Nor time, can bend your everlasting brow.
Proud guardians of my native vale, I raise
My humble, glowing numbers in your praise.
Cradled amid the storms that whirl around
Your dauntless breasts, my youthful footsteps roved
Among your fastnesses. There was I bound
By nature's charms—by nature's charms beloved.
Surrounded by your torrents' music wild!
Sequestered in your fairy solitude,
She reared the mind of your admiring child,
And led him to the Great, the Wise, the Good!
Brought forth and reared beneath your silent shade,
There, too, may my lone corse be lowly laid.

Oh! how I love to climb your purple peaks,
 When golden sunbeams flood your noble crests;
 And thence to view the western sky, with streaks
 Of richest tints adorned; while calmly rests
 The landscape, stretching far, in deep repose.
 'Tis then—when feelings holy and serene
 Steal o'er the mind—when every breeze that blows
 Is fraught with bliss—we think what would have
 been
 This gloomy, wretched, and apostate earth,
 Had Sin, the horrid monster, ne'er had birth.
 Or, when dread Winter holds his iron sway,
 And battling elements around you roar,
 Alone, among your haunts, I love to stray,
 And listen to the storm-sprite's shriek, as o'er
 Your reeling heads he sails; while deaf'ning, deep,
 Reverberating thunder rolls along
 Your rugged sides, or down some awful steep
 Darts till it spends itself the glens among.—
 Oh! then, with palpitating heart, how grand
 To view the flashing, swift-descending brand!
 Ye fill the mind with images sublime,
 Which aspirations after what is great
 And good beget,—which, nor the hand of time,
 Nor death itself can e'er obliterate.
 Yes, ye are agents, like the simple flower,
 Of God, that stamp in characters of flame
 His nature's impress with resistless power
 Upon the glowing soul; and loud proclaim
 His wisdom and His glorious majesty,
 Who is for ever wrapt within his own eternity.

Go my Native Vale.

SWEET vale! I love thee dearly,
 Shrined in thy holy calm,
 I listen late and early
 To the inspiring psalm
 That from thy bosom rises high,
 A daily anthem to the sky.

I gaze upon thy beauty,
Thy music never palls,
But nerves me for the duty
To which life ever calls:
Thou givest to my heart a joy
Which all life's cares can ne'er destroy.
The glens, the heath-clad mountains,
The aged hawthorn tree,
The rills, the mossy fountains—
All have their charms for me;
In calm or storm, by night or day,
I love in their lone haunts to stray.
How bright the sunset glory
Upon thy woodland stream!
What feelings now come o'er me,
While, lost in the bright dream
Of early days, I walk once more
Along its green, romantic shore.
I prize those youthful feelings—
Those aspirations grand;
To me they were revealings
Of the future spirit-land;
Their influence sheds around my way
The glory of immortal day.
When, as the daybeam fadeth,
The moon walks forth serene,
O what a power pervadeth
The fair, enchanting scene!
How is the spirit caught on high,
And pants to know life's mystery!
I wish not wealth nor splendour,
Nor pomp of earthly power;
To me 'tis wealth to wander,
At morn or evening hour,
Beneath the sky, upon the sod,
Where first my thoughts were led to God.
Long as I live, dear valley,
Where'er my lot be cast,
While recollections rally
Round the standard of the past;
Thou wilt my heart still fondly prize,
Earth's first and only paradise.

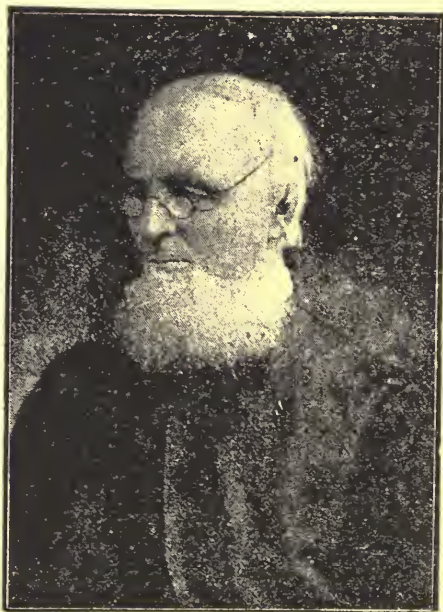
Rev. JOHN ROOM, B.A.

By WILLIAM NAYLOR, C.C.

THE Rev. John Room, B.A., Vicar of Eastwood, Keighley, was born on the 20th of February, 1820. at Dewsbury, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He acquired the rudiments of learning in the Elementary Schools of his native town and early showed great fondness for books. The happy possessor of a very retentive memory, which even at his present advanced age shows remarkable vigour, he made rapid progress not infrequently annoying his teacher by asking the meaning of what he read in his lessons. When only seven years old he had mastered most of the leading facts of Scripture story, and had committed many of its most striking chapters to memory. His favourite secular books were Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe," and he regarded the former not as an allegory, but as a veritable record of facts. As he grew up he developed an intense craving for knowledge. Often when his companions were at play, our author might be found in some secluded corner poring over the pages of a favourite book. The subjects most congenial to his mind were history and poetry. For fiction he had but little taste, except as it illustrated history even Sir Walter Scott had but few attractions for him. Rollin, Plutarch, Goldsmith's "Greece and Rome," Hume, and Smollett, he read with avidity, as opportunity gave him access to them. In poetry Homer, Virgil, Shakespere, Milton, Young, and Byron were his pet authors; and by the time he had arrived at manhood he was fairly conversant with their choicest writings.

The poetical bent of his mind manifested itself very early. When only fourteen years of age several of his productions in verse had found their way into the public prints, and often received warm commendation. At fifteen he wrote some verses on the death of the Rev. J. Duckworth, M.A., Vicar of Dewsbury. In response to a very widely expressed wish, these were published in a separate form and enjoyed a very large circulation. Dewsbury: Printed by E. Willan, Market-place, 1836, 20 pp. Some years later he wrote two temperance poems, "Who is a Slave?" and "Who are the Free?" both of which appeared in the *Family Herald*, and the Editor of that journal spoke of them in very eulogistic terms, no small compliment.

At twenty years of age he married: and soon after entered the Scholastic Profession, which he prosecuted with success for some seven or eight years. During this period he wrote the "Church Bells" and several minor pieces having reference to current events. In 1848 he



Very faithfully Yours
J. Room

was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated B.A. in January, 1852. During his undergraduateship he wrote "The Christian Hero," and other pieces. In 1852 he was ordained deacon by Dr. Longley, Bishop of Ripon, and priest about the same time of the year following. The Curacy to which he was ordained was Keighley, at that time under the Incumbency of the Rev. W. Busfield, M.A., Rector. After fifteen months' service as Curate, he was appointed by the Bishop to the living of Eastwood, Keighley, at which place he still remains. During this long period of thirty-seven years in which Mr. Room has held the Living of Eastwood, his poetic pen has by no means been suffered to lie idle. In 1854 he published a small volume entitled "Random Rhymes;" printed by T. D. Hudson, High Street, Keighley. Since then he has contributed to the press scores of pieces, of various lengths, on various subjects. Some are grave and solemn; others light and humorous. A large number of his compositions have not as yet seen the light, but it is expected that the whole will be shortly collected and published. They will fill a volume of four or five hundred pages, and will afford very interesting reading. It would be very difficult to assign to Mr. Room a distinct place in poetry, or to say in which of its many classes he excels. In description he deserves a high place, and he has the happy power of conveying deep and grave thoughts pleasantly, while as a satirist he is remarkably caustic, as some have good reason to remember.

On the 20th February, 1890, Mr. Room gave an At Home, at his newly erected residence, Thornleigh, Keighley, in celebration of the double-event of his Golden Wedding and his seventieth birthday. The occasion was taken advantage of by his congregation and a few of his old friends to present him with a suitable address and a handsome *escritoire*, and a fund was also raised with the object of recognising his long, able and devoted ministration, by the crection of an appropriate stained-glass window in the church where he has so long and faithfully laboured. November, 1890, saw this work fully accomplished.

Lines written in a Young Lady's Album.

HAD I the Wizard's skill, dear Kate,
 To read the volume of thy fate,
 And whisper in thy eager ear
 The mystic words of hope and fear;
 Would it be generous or wise
 To tell what in thy future lies?

Of maiden love, or married cares,
Or widow'd griefs, or smiles or tears,
Or wipe the film from off thine eye
That shrouds in doubt thy destiny?
No! better far that thou shouldst be
From all unlawful knowledge free;
Better to have a patient mind
To God's good providence resign'd;
Whate'er it brings, whate'er it sends,
Of health or sickness, foes or friends;—
A trusting heart, a steadfast will;
Nor doubting good, nor fearing ill;
Nor anxious for the joy or sorrow
That fate may bring with each to-morrow.

But our blind nature craves to see
What hides in dark futurity.
The youth intensely longs to scan
What fortunes wait him as a man.
The maiden with like instinct led,
What kind of husband she shall wed.
The statesman what th' effect will be
Of some deep stroke of policy.
And even sages to descry
What Heav'n has hid from mortal eye.

All this is folly. Who can know
What is best for him here below?
What proffers gain may bring a loss;
What seems a joy may prove a cross;
And loss and cross are gain and joy,
If rightly we God's gifts employ.
Conflict and peace, sickness and health,
Distress and comfort, want and wealth;
All that can prosper or undo us
Are just what God doth make them to us.

Then why be fretful? Why repine?
The God that orders all is thine;—
Thine— to stir up each holy fire,
And thine—to quench each vain desire;
To wash sin's poison from thy blood,
And make thee beautiful and good;
Thy foot to guide, thine head to shield,
Thy work to help in town or field;
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
And bless and prosper all thy days.

All needful knowledge Heav'n reveals,
 Why wish to know what He conceals?
 Though but one forward step be clear;
 Taken, a second doth appear.
 Though but one day at once thou live,
 Thy daily bread thy God doth give.
 Then be it thine, my fair friend, Kate,
 To trust the God that governs fate.
 Let this truth lay all doubts to rest,
 WHATE'ER GOD GIVES OR DOES—IS BEST.

Growing Old.

SINCE first I drew breath in this world of mankind,
 Threescore and odd summers have rolled:
 And sometimes the thought flashes into my mind,
 "I wonder if I'm growing old?"

My hair was once auburn, and curly and bright,
 And fine as the fam'd fleece of gold;
 But now it is lank, and silvery white,
 I wonder if I'm growing old?

My sight, once as clear as the eagle's, I read
 The smallest print mortals behold,
 But now, though with spectacles help'd, I'm misled,
 I wonder if I'm growing old?

My teeth, once so pearly, and set in two rows,
 Like sentinels guarding a fold;
 Are fractur'd, discolour'd, and wide gaps disclose,
 I suspect that I *am* growing old.

My appetite once needing naught to entice,
 For naught came amiss, hot or cold;
 Has become so capricious, so squeamish, and nice;
 I fear that I *am* growing old.

My joints, once so supple, grow stiffer each day;
 My movements less nimble and bold;
 And aches, pains, and cramps in my limbs make me say,
 "I feel that I *am* growing old."

My faculties mental, my learning and wit,
 Like articles barter'd or sold,
 Are worse for the wear, and for wear are less fit ;
 'Tis certain I *am* growing old.

My faculties, senses, and organs and pow'rs,
 All signs of decadence unfold ;
 And soon will be cast up the sum of my hours ;
 For surely I *am* growing old.

But grant me, dear Saviour, Thy grace and Thy love ;
 In Thy Book let my name be enroll'd,
 Then renew'd and restor'd, in Thy kingdom above,
 I shall flourish, and never grow old.

The late Lord Frederick Cavendish.

In Memoriam.

No one can know what may be on the morrow,
 To self, acquaintance, family, or friend,
 Of health or wealth, of joy or mortal sorrow ;
 For future things all human ken transcend.
 Unwise, we count on lengthened years to come,
 Though sure not of a transient living day ;
 We plan our work, and build our future home,
 Though work and home may both lie far away.
 Oh, Cavendish ; thy most unhappy fate
 Hath wrung our hearts with agoniz'd distress,
 We mourn as he who mourns a much-loved mate,
 In all the misery of loneliness.
 A Star has fallen from our social sky ;
 A trusted Friend is taken from our side ;
 A Counsellor on whom we could rely,
 All perished when our faithful Member died.
 But yesterday we saw thee full of life,
 Fir'd with high hopes and conscious energy ;
 Anxious to heal the fest'ring wounds of strife,
 And weld the bonds of peace and amity.
 Vain hope ! for who would banish Ireland's woes,
 And satisfy her veritable need,
 Needs not to change her equitable laws,
 But change her people's nature and their creed.

But be the policy 'twas thine to serve,
 Wise or mistaken, provident or blind,
 None doubts the patriotism that gave thee nerve ;
 None doubts thy noble singleness of mind,
 Thy loyal faith, thy self-renouncing zeal,
 As with a halo gild thy honour'd name,
 Thy love for an ungrateful people's weal,
 And tragic death will give undying fame.
 A Sovereign mourns a loyal Servant gone ;
 An Empire, an untimely clos'd career ;
 A noble Sire laments a loving Son
 Whose filial tenderness made doubly dear.
 A weeping Widow—widow'd far too soon,
 Mourns a fond Husband ravish'd from her sight,
 Her sun of wedded life, gone down at noon,
 Leaves heart and hearth enwrap't in twofold night.

Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer.

FATHER IN HEAVEN, Thou God alone,
 Who fill'st the universal throne ;
 Who mad'st from nought all things that are,
 From atom to the utmost star ;
 Thine eye is watchful over all,
 Thine ear attentive to their call,
 Thine hand Thy countless creatures feed,
 And succours them in all their need.

HALLOWED BE THINE AWFUL NAME,
 Holy, ineffable I AM !

Never may impious mortals dare
 Blaspheme it, or profanely swear ;
 Or desecrate by vulgar use,
 Or foul by heathenish abuse,
 But hold in reverential awe
 The Name made sacred by Thy law.

THY KINGDOM COME, when Thou shalt reign
 Sole Monarch in Thy vast domain ;
 When all false gods shall broken be,
 And men shall worship only Thee.
 Enthron'd in all hearts Thou shalt sit ;
 In all minds shall Thy laws be writ,
 And all shall own, in deeds and words,
 Thee King of kings and Lord of lords.

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH ; yea even
As it is done in Thine own heaven.
Where Angels Thy behests obey,
And highest Seraph owns Thy sway.
So in this world of mortal men,
Redeem'd, enlightened, born again,
May all Thy high commands fulfil,
And all delight to do Thy will.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD :
'Tis by Thy bounty we are fed.
Give strength to labour, health to use,
Nor aught Thy goodness gives refuse.
O save us from that trustless greed
That hankers for the morrow's need :
Be it enough that Thou supply
Each present day's necessity.

FORGIVE OUR TRESPASSES, DREAD LORD,
And teach us to observe that word.
That bids us pity and forgive
Those who ourselves offend and grieve.
That we, as children of the light,
May stand accepted in Thy sight ;
And in our love and charity
And mercy may resemble Thee.

INTO TEMPTATION LEAD US NOT ;
But keep our souls from sin's dark blot.
Let not fierce lust, nor doubt, nor pride,
Prevail to push our steps aside ;
But in each dark and trying hour
O save us from the tempter's pow'r.
May all our trials motives be
To bind us closer, Lord, to Thee.

FOR THINE THE KINGDOM IS ; AND THINE
THE POW'R AND GLORY--all divine,
The Kingdom, Thine undoubted reign,
To order all things for our gain ;
The Power, to answer faithful pray'rs,
Supply our wants, and soothe our cares ;
The Glory, Thine exclusive praise
For help and blessing all our days.

WILLIAM CHARLES RUSHTON,

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF ILKLEY COLLEGE, YORKSHIRE.

BORN September 4th, 1860, at Windhill, near Shipley, Mr. W. C. Rushton was, by the death of his father at the close of 1861, deprived of the strong hand and help on which youth wisely leans, and thus early had to taste earth's bitterest sorrows. Hard was the struggle for the teaching a village school could afford, and this was early cut short by his being sent to work in the factory, at the tender age of nine. In two years more he was put on to work "full time." Ambition soon dawned, and the powers of the embryo poet, developed in rough and rugged paths, soon emerged in wide fancy flights. These youthful efforts have long been forgotten or destroyed. Possibly the discipline of disappointment, uncanny to most, unsettled young Rushton's mind, for now we find his fancy was all for theatrical shows and stage-players! This life proved very attractive for a time and our hero made some mark with his company, as we find him "starring" the country through for some two years or more as an actor. Valuable lessons he learnt during this careless period of his life, —self-reliance, patience, perseverance, and submission to the powers that be. He now could estimate more truly the worth of the quiet and settlement of home-life. At the age of nineteen we find him steadily at work as a woolsorter.

In 1883 Rushton's first volume, "Rosanus, and other Poems,—including Odes, Songs and Sonnets," appeared. Here the poet's independence of character shows itself, for running through the little book we find him freely shelter behind the poets' license, and if convenient, he lays aside all rule with greatest ease. But the true spirit of the poet's genius at times breaks forth in telling thoughts. We doubt not this volume has found a valued place on many a cottage shelf.

Having mingled much with the working-men of his own and other counties, Mr. Rushton's sympathies find ready and appropriate expression, embodying in poetic garb the varied phases of country life and feeling. But ambition seldom knows its bounds. Mr. Rushton has devoted his steady plodding energies to a more remunerative art of late years. He now paints, in living colours as well as in glowing words, pictures of our lovely Yorkshire dales. These pictures may now be seen in most of the popular public exhibitions of the North of England.

True merit is content to begin at the lowest rung of the ladder. And we desire for the subject of this short sketch the hearty appreciation of his native Riding and that a wide fame may lay hands upon him before many years have run.



Yours truly
W. C. Rushton

Song.

I WAIT for the spring, with her garlands bright,
And the violets soft and low ;
I wait for your kiss, like the dew to light,
On my lips until they glow ;
I wait for the lilies in dale to tell
Of their own sweet thoughts, how I love you well.

I will bring you primroses, many a one,
To deck your maiden tresses,
The fairest in hue which the love of the sun
Or planet earth possesses :
And gaze in your eyes till my own shall be
Like a falling star in the crystal sea.

I'll ask of the cloud as it sails on high,
In silver, purple, and gold,
That love like itself must live and not die,
Be young, but never be old,
And marvel the radiant world should be
So tainted with man and his misery.

In Memoriam.—Maud.

My life is full of sorrow and of care,
Since thou, sweet baby mine, art gone away,
I know no blissful infant joys to share,
But muse in sullen silence all the day.

The violet now breathes forth its virgin bloom,
The lark will sing his early joys at morn,
But nought on earth can pierce the sacred gloom,
That sears my heart since thou art from me torn.

How may we meet ? I pray to God on high,
While all these bitter tears burn through my brain,
And watch His golden glory in the sky,
With hope that we in bliss shall meet again.

Go a Poet.

HAIL! exultation's fervid simpleton,
Thou frail and trepid framer of a lay,
Speak, sirrah! quick, retort! what would'st thou say?
Terpsichore, that romping wench is won,
Thalia lisps with lightsome laughing tongue,
Whom youth adores, to make thy spirit gay.
Drink'st thou of Heliconian's pure springs,
Or wert thou fanned by love's amorous wings,
In myrtle groves that deck old man-shaped Greece?
Or did'st thou in light Eros' bower dwell,
Vexed by that wanton god who ne'er would cease,
Till stolen by some naiad to her cell?
Thou found'st in her such duplicating joys,
As e'en turn hoary men to boasting boys!

Song.

Oh bring me back those golden hours,
In love and friendship still the same,
And strew their mazy path with flow'rs
That I with hopes may sing again.

In this wide world of mortal woe,
Naught lasting is; e'en hope is pain,
And pale despair would not be so,
Were it not offspring to the same.

We yield to death what most endears,
And sigh for that which may not be,
While rosy mirth distils our tears,
To be the salts of misery.

The one whose vernal heart with pride
Hath throbb'd 'neath exultation's thrill,
Shall learn by ocean time and tide,
That good is but the fruit of ill.

Married not Mated.

You know that love is always young, and we
Who live in this frail, unromantic age,
Have seen what few might seldom fail to see,
Did they but half their looking eyes engage.

An old and hoary man of near four-score,
Puffs out love's furnace to a maiden's eyes,
And bids the sweetness of his lips implore
That she, oh she, might be his darling prize.

'Tis confiscated, all his earthly bliss,
The grave but scarce receives his lustful bones,
His thousand pounds per annum are not his,
But tends to furnish more delightful drones,

And all the world forgetful of his life,
Makes bitter sport by pointing at his wife.

Sonnet.

You'RE like such thing when summer gilds the joys
Of some impatient sapling, for the tree
That teems with heavy crops too oft destroys
The mellow tints of choicest luxury;

Then give me record whence I may recall
Time's hollow echo if perchance to trace
Which as I hope may ne'er to me befall,
Your lack of meekness in my warm embrace.

'Tis citadel'd in you what may not part
From forth my better being thus confined,
I yield my soul, and so perforce my heart
Must drag its fleshy tribute on behind,

Then frame your lips with language to admit
That youth is vain yet sweetly passionate.

JANE SHACKLETON,

BY COUNCILLOR C. W. CRAVEN,

AUTHOR OF "A WREATH OF RHYME," THE EIFFEL TOWER, AND
OTHER POEMS," ETC.

THE maiden name of this lady, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Jenny Wren," was Jane Atkinson, daughter of Mr. T. Atkinson, farmer, of Spring Close, Cullingworth, and she was born in 1836. Shortly after her birth, her parents removed to Harden Beck, near Bingley, the beautiful district where Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, resided during one of the happiest periods of his life. Here she spent most of her childhood, and on reaching years of maturity commenced keeping a school, and afterwards completed her educational course at Homerton Congregational College. From here she accepted an appointment as teacher of a school at Farsley, where she supplemented her ordinary scholastic duties by writing numerous pieces in prose and verse. In 1863, she was married to Mr. Abraham Shackleton, Printer and Stationer, of Keighley, and the year following a collection of her writings was published by her husband, under the title of "Facts and Fancies." In her preface to this most interesting volume, which has gone through several editions, she thus explains what caused her to "write a book." "My husband is a printer, and I persuaded him, in the days of my early bridehood, while yet persuasion was an easy matter, to gather my stray scribblings together, and reprint them in the form of a book, which would be my very own production, and would be the realisation of the dreams and hopes of my girlhood," and concludes by saying "I will publish no more, unless my sweet twin-daughters, newly born, should prove an irresistible inspiration." Although not writing as frequently as before her marriage, new pieces from her pen occasionally appeared in the local press, and were also welcomed by the public. The short stories she wrote were particularly popular. After an illness extending over several months she died at Braithwaite, near Keighley, on June 8th, 1876. In July, 1879, at the request of many anxious to obtain copies, a new edition of "Facts and Fancies," with additional pieces, was published in a neat form by Mr. Shackleton. "Jenny Wren," during the time she appeared before the public as a writer was a great favourite with writers generally, and throughout the district of Airedale her *nom de plume* was familiar as a household word. Although attempting no great work, her writings showed unmistakable promise, and if compelled to write for her livelihood, she would undoubtedly have made a lasting mark upon the literature of her country. Her language and thoughts betray none of the maudlin sentimentality so frequently prevalent amongst female votaries of the muse, but are always healthy in tone and bright and crisp in method and expression.

Little Annie,

SHE lingered but a moment
To glad us with her smile,
Sweet, bright-eyed Little Annie !
Sent sad thoughts to beguile ;
Then like a flitting sunbeam,
She left our sea-girt isle.

We loved dear Little Annie ;
Her voice was soft and sweet
As the gushing liquid music
That murmured at our feet ;
And we grieve that now her prattle
No more our ears may greet.

O'er the wild, wide-sounding ocean,
Where the dashing billows foam,
They took dear Little Annie
'Mid other scenes to roam ;
They bore sweet Little Annie
To a distant foreign home.

And we miss the fairy footfall
That danced so lightly by,
And the sunlight ever beaming
In her bright, dark baby eye,
And the laughter, gushing sweetly,
Like angel music sigh.

May life for Little Annie,
Be scattered o'er with flowers,
Gathered by guardian angels,
From bright arcadian bowers ;
Till heaven receives Sweet Annie,
To fairer worlds than ours.

JANE GORDON SUTHERLAND,

By J. GAUNT, B.A. B.Sc.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE YORKSHIRE LITERARY SOCIETY;

AUTHOR OF "EVENTIDE," "MARAH," ETC., ETC.

FOR seven or eight years previous to 1882, Miss Sutherland was well-known in Keighley, both as one of the mistresses of the Girls' Grammar School and as an untiring worker for the development of the University Extension Scheme. She was a classical scholar of high attainments, and a thorough educationist. Removing to London in 1882, she received an appointment in the General Post Office, but subsequently undertook a more important engagement at the British Museum. As a writer she made a reputation in Keighley which will long remain to her memory. Her productions were both in prose and verse, and embraced, amongst others, "Lays of the Luri," pp. 36, printed by E. Craven, Keighley, 1885; "Gipsy Jim," which dealt with the itinerant life and habits of the "wandering tribe," and "A Daughter of Erin." She also contributed to numerous journals and newspapers. After her advent into London, Miss Sutherland soon began to be known, and was welcomed into the literary circles of the metropolis. She might have built up a great literary reputation, as a consequence of her ability and perseverance, but after a very short illness, she succumbed on Sunday, February 15th, 1891. Miss Sutherland was of Scotch extraction, and was born about forty years ago. Her poems give evidence of culture and refinement, and speak of a disposition at once gentle and amiable. Mr. J. Horsfall Turner—no mean judge of poetry—in his "Yorkshire Bibliographer," vol. I, pays a high compliment to her "Lays of the Luri." Whilst in Keighley, Miss Sutherland was a member of the Devonshire Street Congregational Church. She also for some time conducted a private academy.

Watch and Pray.

WATCH in the early morning,
Watch through the heat of day;
Pray while the eve is closing,
In the darkness watch and pray.
Watch, for temptations ever
Round feeble mortals stray,
But mercy faileth never,
For those who watch and pray.

Pray for help and guidance
Through life's troubled way,
Pray for grace and prudence,
In meekness, watch and pray.
Watch through the night of sighing
For the morning's cheering ray,
Pray with the sick and dying,
At all times, watch and pray.

Charity.

SWEET nymph, advancing with a beaming air,
Of the three sisters fairest of the fair ;
Tenderest, truest, gentlest grace,
Known by the love-light in thy face,
Still-voiced, soft-robed, ever tending
Helpless misery, and blending
Smiles and tears in spirit healing ;
With faults and follies gently dealing,
Nothing doubting, nought of harm,
Clouding thy bright nature's charm :
Humble still, and not elated,
Prone to soothe the evil-fated,
Oh beauteous, bright, benignant Charity,
Thrice art thou blessed to souls in extremity.

May.

MONTH of fairest, freshest flowers,
Month of sunshine and of showers,
Month of budding, verdant bowers—
Merry Month of May !
Days of longer light and grace,
Hours of glowing life's embrace,
While nature's throbbing steps we trace—
Lovely Month of May !
Fair daughter of a genial clime,
Gay tripping in thy glorious prime,
Soon vanisheth the winter rime
Before thy smile, O May !

JAMES WADDINGTON,

BY THE REV. A. H. RIX, LL.D. F.G.S.

MINISTER OF HIGH STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BRADFORD.
VICE-PRESIDENT, YORKSHIRE LITERARY SOCIETY.

GENTLE in word and deed thy life has been,
By Nature taught without and Grace within;
A scholar meet and apt, thou learn'dst in time.
While yet a youth, to live the life sublime;
And now the Poet and the Christian soar
In worlds of light, while we thy loss deplore.

George Ackroyd, J.P.

THE poems of James Waddington have both an intrinsic and a relative value. To that class of readers who, recognising the limited educational resources at the Author's command, are willing to appreciate so noble an endeavour to cultivate a literary taste, and to clothe elevating thoughts in chaste and appropriate language, their relative value cannot fail to be apparent.

Born at Horton, near Bradford, in 1829, the childhood and youth of James Waddington were passed through at a time when mental culture was not easily acquired by those in the humbler stations of life. To his modest disposition and retiring habits, and his devotion to an aged parent for whose support he laboured as an artisan, the secret of his mental progress may be largely attributed. In those quiet hours spent at home, in the village of Saltaire, he developed a taste for reading—the writings of Coleridge, Lamb, Christopher North, and notably Wordsworth, being amongst his favourite authors. In communion with these genial and refined spirits, he longed for a better acquaintance with letters, and the vigorous attempt he made to improve his education was followed with a very fair measure of success.

At a comparatively early age he was elected a first-class member of the Phonetic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and for many years conducted two phonographic magazines known as the "Pioneer" and the "Excelsior," to which he freely contributed essays, tales and short poems.

As a contributor to the "Bradfordian," and other newspapers, he wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Ralph Goodwin." Although the literary forms employed by this writer are clearly the result of careful

study—and even then, are not absolutely free from mistakes—the fire of a poetic imagination is not wanting. Chambers of imagery are boldly entered, and full many a sparkling gem is made to adorn the lyric and stanza, the sonnet and the ode.

In the autumn of 1861, on his return from a visit to Cumberland, he was stricken with a fever, and on October 12th in the same year, after a short illness, and at the early age of 32, the gentle spirit of James Waddington passed away.

In July, 1862, a posthumous volume of poems was issued under the title of “Flowers from the Glen; the poetical remains of James Waddington, of Saltaire; edited by Eliza Craven Green.” 176 pp., post 8vo. This volume was subscribed to by his former friends who were employed, like himself, at the works of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Titus Salt.

Muse of my Native Land.

MUSE of my native land ! what joys have I
When winter day and all its cares are past,
To banquet at thy sumptuous repast,
'Mong kingly spirits that can never die !

Visions of matchless beauty pass me by,
That erst the raptured dreams of Spenser blest,
Or light on Milton's gloomy pathway cast,
Waking his seraph soul to ecstasy.

Earth has to me no solitary spot :
Whether my path be o'er the trackless moor,
Or if I muse in some umbrageous grot,
Forms of the world of mind come evermore ;
And, earth's frail joys and sorrows all forgot,
I breathe the balmy air of a diviner shore.

The Soul of Poesy Lives in all that be.

THE soul of Poesy lives in all that be—

The million stars that look with holy eyes
To earth ; the beauteous moon that walks the skies ;
The music of the ever-sounding sea ;

The hills that stand in silent majesty
With white and reverent heads, above the noise
And tumult vain of earth, and all its toys ;
The winding vales in whose deep bosoms lie

The sky-reflecting rivers ; flowers that look
With grateful eyes to heaven till day be sped—
Are all but glorious letters in the Book
Of Nature God has given for man to read ;

And He has given to bards the power which can
Unfold their hidden meanings unto man.

An Invitation to Shipley Glen.

WHEN spirit-worn and chafed with anxious fears,
And seeking solace for a heart oppress'd,
Come, and our deep, lone glen shall yield thee rest ;
Its hills (one deeply wooded, skyward rears,

The other piled with rocks, hoary with years,
Crowned here and there with birch-trees, sunny-tress'd,
Toss'd in the wind) shall form thee a green nest
Where no rude sound shall jar upon thy ears.

The brook shall sing its lullaby to care,
The flowers that bloom in sweet seclusion there
Shall innocently look into thine eyes,
Kindling dead memories of boyhood life.

Refresh'd in spirit shalt thou thence arise,
Strengthened to meet the world and cope with strife !

Haworth Moor.

O WIDE, brown heath, bare hills, and lonesome dells,
 But ye are lovely in this amber light,
 Your shadows grim all mellowed in the bright
 Warm sunshine, and the flush of your fair bells!

All round this moorland path the ground upswells,
 With some stray sheep amid the heather blooms ;
 And with its dark, broad bulk, before us looms
 The mighty Boulsworth. Where this streamlet wells

Through moss and fern, a sister band would roam,
 With fire of genius in their large bright eyes,
 Peopling their free and boundless desert home
 With life which they alone beheld and heard,

Their sole companions the bee and bird,
 Within the round of these o'er-arching skies !

The Power of Poesy.

DIVINEST Poesy, hail ! When bruised and bent
 By rudest buffetings of adverse fate
 Thou comest to bless us and to elevate !
 Bright Queen of Song, from heaven art thou not sent,
 Bringing with thee Hope, Love, and sweet Content,
 Thy angel train, to enter my low dome,
 Filling my cup of joyance when they come,
 And binding up the wounds that strife has rent :
 Without thee, what were this dull life of care,
 Battling with trials fierce and toils and sin ?
 Light of life's rugged path, thou show'st us where
 Its roses blow ; what goal we ought to win,
 And op'st with prophet-wand to mortal eyes
 The amaranthine bowers of Paradise.



Yours
J. A. Whitaker

JOHN APLEYARD WHITAKER.

By PHILIP SNOWDEN,

OF THE INLAND REVENUE DEPARTMENT, PLYMOUTH.

J. A. WHITAKER was born at Haworth, on March 2nd, 1862. He is the only son of highly respectable parents, his grandfather being the late John Appleyard, of Haworth, a name well known and revered in the annals of Worth Valley Methodism. His parents removed to Cowling when their son was about three years old, and it was in this isolated village that the years of his boyhood were spent. He served an apprenticeship to a draper in Leeds, afterwards obtaining a situation as assistant at Cleckheaton, where he remained for eight years, marrying in the meantime. In 1890 he commenced business on his own account at Great Horton.

As a child he displayed a remarkable aptitude for poetry, and his recitations were always a welcome feature at the village entertainments. Considering his religious training, it seems but natural that his first essay at original poetry should be a sacred theme. He very early wrote a paraphrase on the first Psalm. His first published poem was upon Haworth Church, written during the heated controversy regarding the rebuilding. Since then he has been an occasional contributor to the Poets' Corner of the local press, and has frequently taken part in varied controversies through the same medium.

His father, William Whitaker, died at Cowling when his son was only 13 years of age, so that his career in life has been almost entirely marked out by himself. His mother, daughter of the late John Appleyard before mentioned, resides at Oakworth, and the qualities of her mind, heart, and life, have in a great measure entered into and influenced the life of her son.

Go Our Bards.

God sends to man the poet
To act and play his part;
He chisels on the hard, cold piece
Of man's repulsive heart.
Visions of thought in darkest night,
God speaks through him to men,
And when the spirit bids him write
We hear his voice again.

And down the corridors of time,
'Mid life's ancestral halls,
Pictures in words that are sublime
Their vision oft recalls.

But they are passing from our sight
The bards of God's own choice;
And who will take their pen to write
And echo on God's voice ?

O! come ye Bards of future times,
Our Bards are growing old,
And tune your instruments and rhymes
To measures brave and bold.

Tell of a glorious coming day
Where all is pure and bright;
Shine thro' the darkness now we pray
And "Let there now be light."

God calls the poet for the times
To sing his various parts,
And with his little songs and rhymes
He plays on nations' hearts.

The Preacher.

I SEE him moving up the stairs;
His hair is white, his hands are thin;
And at the close of evening prayers,
He loves to line an evening hymn.

With bended form and feeble voice,
A face lit up with heavenly light,
A stretched out arm, he softly reads
"Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

The hymn is sung, he bows his head,
And clasps his feeble hands, and then
In silence bent, a thousand hearts
Repeat the closing words—Amen.

ABRAHAM WILDMAN.

BY THE REV. JAMES GABB, B.A.

RECTOR OF BULMER-W-WELBURN, YORKS.; AUTHOR OF "STEPS TO THE THRONE," "HYMNS AND SONGS OF PILGRIM LIFE," ETC.

ABRAHAM WILDMAN was born at Keighley, on the 13th of August, 1803, and was the son of Quaker parents, from whom he inherited the integrity and independence which he shewed in several circumstances of his life. He early wrote verses, and was, for a while, the first relieving officer elected by the Board of Guardians for Keighley, then recently constituted a Union under the New Poor Law Act.



KEIGHLEY CHURCH PRIOR TO 1846.

Political and other differences presently arose, and he retired from that position. Mr. Wildman then threw himself into the Short Hours' Factory Agitation, and, as secretary for the promotion of this movement, corresponded with important political personages, from one of the highest of whom—the Duke of Wellington—he received an auto-

graph letter. He also drew up petitions to both Houses of Parliament, and defended the factory workers before the Court of Quarter Sessions at Keighley; a report of which may be found in the "Leeds Intelligencer," of November 4th, 1833.

Mr. Wildman had already brought out a Volume of Poems in 1829. He had also sent poems to the papers, some of which were preserved by the late Mr. Abraham Holroyd, from whose memoir of Mr. Wildman, published in the locality, the subjoined poem, together with the incidents of his career which are here given, have been gathered.

Mr. Wildman afterwards engaged in business in Keighley, but was unsuccessful; removing from thence to Bingley, and then to Bradford, where, for some time afterwards, he resided. He entered the service of Messrs. Gurney & Brothers, wool-staplers, and subsequently was a wool-sorter with Messrs. Wood & Walker. At length old age overtook him, and he was unable to work. Misfortunes in his family, as well as in business, weighed upon him. One of his daughters was crippled, by injury to her spine, in a mill accident. His only son went to Australia, and was never heard of again. Then his wife died. In order to obtain some pecuniary help, he published by subscription his "Lays of Hungary", from which he derived some benefit. It seemed that he must ultimately, and before long, come to the work-house.

However, in 1868, the writer of the memoir before alluded to, hearing that Mr. Wildman was in want, interested himself in his welfare. Friends in Bradford were, at the same time, collecting funds to relieve his pressing necessities and ease his anxious care for the future. Through the kind intervention of the former friend, Sir Titus Salt was moved to render him immediate assistance, and soon after, to allot him one of the Alms-houses at Saltaire, coupled with means of subsistence for the remainder of his life; to which place, with his invalid daughter, he at once removed. But even here his bereaved condition was such a lasting grief to him that his improved circumstances could not entirely allay it. Soon, at the beginning of March 1870, he was seized with paralysis, and on the 19th passed away from a world in which others beside him have found the ethereal mood of the poet no match for the hard realities of life, or the turbid atmosphere and competitive struggles of a busy, though not unfeeling age.

The Factory Child's Complaint.

MERCY! wake the slumbering breast,
Wake! to fan the holy fire;
Plead the cause of the oppressed,
Plead for those who now expire.

In a land where freedom smiles,
We are worse than negro slaves;
Envy of surrounding isles,
Rouse thy patriots from their graves.

Nation blessed from above,
Must thy children wear the chain?
Land of Bibles—Christian love,
Justice pleads for us in vain.

Short our slumbers, brief our rest,
Long the labour that we bear;
Grief, corroding in our breast,
Sinks our spirits to despair.

Ere the lark salutes the skies,
Or the sun on us doth smile,
From our wretched beds we rise,
Weary with the last day's toil.

There confined till his bright rays
All have fled the western sky,
Blush, ye Christians of these days—
Blush at this foul tyranny!

Summoned by yon hateful bell,
Morn and noon we're doomed to hear,
Yes, it sounds like death's dull knell,
We its victims of despair.

Give support to Sadler's measure,
Lend, oh lend, a helping hand;
Charity—that heavenly treasure—
Should adorn a Christian land.

Wake, then, Mercy! fan the flame;
Plead for them who dare not speak;
Wipe the guilt from Britain's name,
And the chains of slavery break.

Lines composed on the Banks of the Aire.

WHAT a scene of fall'n beauty engages my sight;
The fields, late so cheerful and gay,
Have changed their colours to autumn's dead white,
Or pass'd with the Season away.

Not a voice in the air, nor a song from the trees,
In harmony breaks on mine ear:
But chilling and cold is the northern breeze,—
The herald that winter is near.

No sound, save the hum of the sweet village bells,
Which rolls down the river so clear,
Awakening the echoes that sleep in the dells—
The voice of a plaintive despair.

Sweet Aire, as thou flow'st, the leaves as they fall,
Remind me of beauty and fame;
And the scenes now around in eloquence call,
That beauty's a delicate name.

While fame too is fickle—she borrows the wings
Of fancy, oft changing and blind:
Her subjects are borne like the leaf on the springs,
Or hurried away with the wind.

Here my muse is grown shy—no longer I write—
She dwells not with me in the bourn,
But loves in confining me up late at night,
Then leaves me to sigh and to mourn.

ROBERT CARRICK WILDON.

By GEORGE ACKROYD, Esq., J.P.

ROBERT CARRICK WILDON was born of humble parentage at North Bierley, in the year 1817. He died in the Bradford Infirmary on the 22nd January, 1857, and his remains lie in Bingley Churchyard, a few yards away from those of John Nicholson. Prior to his death, Wildon had for some years resided at Dowley Gap, a hamlet situated between Bingley and Saltaire. The story of his life, as told by the late Abraham Holroyd in his "Bards of Yorkshire," is most pathetic. A job tailor by trade, and marrying young, it is no wonder that his after-life should be one continual struggle with poverty and sickness. He contrived to educate himself in a way one can hardly realize, when we consider his scant means and opportunities; for education was not brought to every child's door then, as it is now.

His poems show that he possessed a fine poetic instinct and a love of nature which must have cheered and almost compensated him for his material wants.

My acquaintance with him was only slight—almost confined to a single interview, when I recollect he recited to me some mock heroic lines in Burns' well-known measure, on the stir and scare of, I think, five tailors, when a poor hungry mouse made its appearance at their busy, but hardly festive board. He wished me to suggest a subject for versification to him, and I, fresh from an ambitious effort of my own at a small essay and discussion theme, suggested *The Deluge*. "The force of contrast could no further go." However in the course of a few weeks, he brought me a neat written and mounted copy of his lines on "*The Deluge*," and I, perhaps unconsciously jealous that he had made more of his subject than I had, for his copy was more than twice as long as mine, hastily paid him an acknowledgement and a gratuity below the value of the lines no doubt, but as much as I could then afford to give. I fear both efforts are now in the land where all things are forgotten. His poetic faculty must have greatly improved by exercise since then, for I find in his published poems some really fine passages of descriptive power, such as I had not thought him capable of producing. His "*Tong on a Summer's Day*," and "*Calderdale*," are high above commonplace, and his sonnet to *Poesy*, quite equal to most of Kirk White's.

Poor Wildon ! let us hope that his spirit is at rest in the Paradise of the Poets, and enjoying the communion of, if not Virgil and Danté, at least that of James Waddington and Abraham Holroyd, both gifted souls of this locality, the latter of whom entertained for him such high esteem. Wildon was the author of two published Volumes of Poems, and, had not his death taken place, he would have issued a lengthy and elaborate poem entitled "The House of Israel." His two volumes were entitled: "Tong, on a Summer's Day; The Forbidden Union, and other Poems;" and "The Poacher's Child."

Go Poesy.

SWEET Poesy, soft soother of my dullest hours,
 My soul's fair cheerer on life's thorny way !
 I hear thee in each little warbler's lay :
 I see thee in the mighty rock that towers
 Above the woods so gloomily and grey :
 I feel thy presence in the scented bowers :
 I meet thee in the gentle passing breeze,
 Behold thee in the waving of the trees,
 And thou dost smile in all the dewy flowers,
 In every insect that my glad heart sees :
 I find thee in the stream, the genial showers,
 And in the twinkling of each gentle star
 That glitters sweetly in its orb afar ;
 And even in the heavy cloud that lowers
 To hide the moon's pale beams, and blot her silvery car.

A Poet's Joys.

THEY may say that the poet's existence is drear,
 That his doom is a painful and sorry one here :
 They may say, that he spendeth a wearisome life,
 In the coldness of penury, terror and strife :—

Go, tell them they err, and they never can know
What rapture at times in his bosom may glow ;
Go, tell them the poet is happier far
Than greatest of statesmen, or chieftains of war.

Give him but the violet, with sweet laughing eyes,
The bloom of the branches, the warmth of the skies,
The linnet's soft carol, the throstle's loud song,
Huge rocks in their majesty, founts gushing strong,
The waving of woodlands, the music of rills,
The flocks in the valleys, the heather-clad hills ;
With these the lone poet is happier far
Than greatest of statesmen, or chieftains of war.

He is ne'er at a loss how his mind to amuse ;
He has pictures to gaze on, and works to peruse ;
Kind Nature supplies him with greatest of books,
In plenty he finds them wherever he looks ;
In the simplest of buds, in the slenderest spray,
In the darkness of night, in the splendour of day :
O ! such yield him joy that no mortal can mar ;
Unknown to the statesman or chieftain of war.

He has pictures in landscapes, and books in the trees,
Finds joy in the sunbeams, and love in the breeze :
The stout spreading oak can a pleasure impart,
A pleasure the purest to gladden his heart ;
In its groan there is worship, and prayer in its nod,
As it bendeth its head to the glory of God :
O ! such make the poet, aye, happier far
Than greatest of statesmen, or chieftains of war.

He has joy in the stars as they glisten on high ;
He has bliss in the glance of his child's laughing eye ;
He has joy in the love and the smile of his wife,
Whose kindness can soften the path of his life ;
He has friends who are staunch, he has foes—but no
matter ;
The former he loveth, nor heedeth the latter :
Then say not he's wretched, but happier far
Than greatest of statesmen, or chieftains of war.

JOSEPH WOOD.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

MR. WOOD is a native of Allerton—born on February 16th, 1824. He has written several “In Memoriam” Odes, which have been much admired. In 1886 M. Field, of Bradford, published for him a 35 pp. pamphlet entitled “Thoughts on the Lord’s Prayer,” which met with great success. This is the only work he has issued in book form. At present Mr. Wood is living in Bradford, in which town he has spent the greater portion of his life.

Om̃nipotence.

“OUR FATHER!” who can comprehend
Thy wisdom, power, and might?
Creation’s bounds Thy sceptre owns
In glorious realms of light.
Thy splendour fills all space with rays
Most glorious and divine;
Sole origin of light and life,
In beauteous order shine.

“Our Father!” we behold Thy works
In Nature’s vast domain:
Produced by Thy Almighty word,
Their order must remain.
In its research, philosophy
Finds Nature’s themes sublime:
Declaring Thy Om̃nipotence,
And wisdom through all time.

Tell us, ye sages, who have grasped
Each science in its turn:
Whose giant minds can comprehend,
Whose inmost soul doth burn
To gain all knowledge, lift the folds
Of the mysterious veil
Which hides true wisdom from our eyes,
But truth must yet prevail.

We hail thee, Science! thou art great,
For noble is the truth;
And bid thee welcome as a friend,
Though yet a sprightly youth.

Roll on, bright harbinger of lore,
Creation's laws unfold,
Till every nation on the globe
Thy glorious truths are told.

Water.

WATER! thou great essential boon,
Creation's works embrace;
Thy bounteous laws of pilgrimage
No human mind can trace.
Unmeasured fountains pour their wealth
On all the earth around;
Unchanging emblem thou of truth,
In plenteous stores abound.
Thy streams of grandeur ever flow
In rich prolific stores,
From lakes which in concealment lie
Deep in the hills and moors:—
Fed by eternal crystal founts,
From springs which never dry;
Which come in rain, and snow and hail,
And change but cannot die.
Oh, waters, ye are beautiful,
Whatever form ye take;
In the graceful winding river,
Or in the crystal lake;
In the rolling yeasty billow,
Or in the gushing spring;
In the placid, bright blue ocean,
Or where ripples sweetly sing.
Ye serve the rich man in his hall,
The poor man in his cot;
The cattle on a thousand hills
Will never be forgot.
Ye aid the birth of fruits and flowers,
The herbage path ye trace;
Ye give to nature's lovely form
Its beauty and its grace.



Yours Truly
Will. O. H. Haynes

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

By HEPSLEY C. DUCKWORTH, B.A. LL.B.

VICE-PRESIDENT, YORKSHIRE LITERARY SOCIETY;

AUTHOR OF "IN CHARGE," "STATE SECRETS," "GRATITUDE,"
"ESTRANGED," ETC., ETC.

THIS well-known Keighley Poet, whose *nom de plume* is "Bill o'th Hoylus End," was born at Hoylus End, Hermit Hole, in the Parish of Bingley, on March 22nd, 1836, and at present resides in Keighley. Young Wright attended the National School at Keighley until fourteen years of age, after which he went to learn warp-dressing. He had not been at this employment long when he became acquainted with a company of strolling actors and was easily induced to join them. He followed this profession for two years, and then joined the West York Rifles, and was in Scotland three years, at Ayr, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Wright then left the army, returned to Keighley, and again resumed warp-dressing. Whilst in the army he rose to the rank of sergeant and was on guard at Holyrood Palace during the Empress Eugenie's stay there - by whom he was honoured by a personal interview. He married about 1859 and has three children. He is the author of numerous pamphlets in prose and verse, and in 1876 his first volume of poems appeared, entitled "Random Rhymes and Rambles." Keighley: A. Appleyard, pp. 164. For about ten years he issued a Comic Annual. He also wrote a drama with the title of "The Wreck of the Bella," which was performed in Bradford, Keighley, Liverpool, Lancaster, and other large towns, but, owing to the Tichborne Trial being pendent at the time, the Lord Chamberlain commanded it to be stopped. Wright has been a frequent contributor to the local press, and his works have been widely read and much appreciated. His father was a musician of some local note, and composed and published many Psalm tunes: his mother was a relative of John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet. Wright seems to hold the same position in Keighley that John Nicholson held in Bingley - his temperament, his position, and his genius, are all much like Nicholson's were. Mr. Overend, Printer, of Keighley, will shortly issue his second volume of poems, which is to be called "The complete works of Bill o'th Hoylus End." Many of Wright's best poems are in his native vernacular.

To Isaac Holden, Esq., M.P.

COME, hand me down that rustic harp,
From off that rugged wall,
For I must sing another song
To suit the Muse's call,
For she is bent to sing a psalm,
On this eventful year,
In praise of the philanthropist
Whom all his friends hold dear—
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
Beyond his eightieth year!

No flattery my honest Muse,
Nor yet be thou servile;
But tinkle up that harp again,
A moment to beguile.
Altho' the bard be rude and rough,
Yet, he is ever proud
To do the mite that he can do,
And thus proclaim aloud—
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
Of whom we all are proud!

For base indeed were any Bard
That ever sang on earth,
Did he not wish his neighbour well,
Nor praise his sterling worth.
Leave state affairs and office
To those of younger blood,
But I am with the patriot,
The noble, wise, and good—
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
The wise, the great, the good.

This worthy, old philanthropist,
Whom all his neighbours greet;
Who has a smile for everyone,
Whom he may chance to meet—
Go to yon pleasant village,
On the margin of the moor,
And you will hear his praises sung
By all the aged poor—
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
A friend unto the poor!

The juvenile upon him smile,
The factory girl and boy,
For when they meet the Grand Old Man
Each heart is filled with joy.
With them remembered he will be :
His fame will ever stand—
The worthy old philanthropist,
And patriot of our land—
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
The patriot of our land !

Long may he live ! and happy be,
The patriot and the sire ;
And may some other harp give praise,
Whose notes will sound much higher.
His thirst for knowledge, worth and lore—
His heart was ever there—
This worthy old philanthropist,
Beyond his eightieth year !—
The Grand Old Man of Oakworth,
Beyond his eightieth year !



H. WROTHWELL.

WE insert this poem not only on account of its merits, but because it relates to the district. It is culled from the "Bingley Chronicle." We hope in a future edition to give some account of the author.

A Voice from the Druid's Altar.

HIGH on this rugged mount I stand,
Chained to the earth with rocky band;
A thousand ages, here, I've been,
And changes vast, around, have seen.
Far back, in eras long gone by,
I look with no uncertain eye.
I've witnessed revolutions vast
In earth and sea, in years long past.
The past, the present, both as one
Are known to me, till time is done.
Thrice, deep below the ocean wave
I sank, like mortals in the grave;
And thrice upheaved, I raised my head
From out my slimy, shelly bed.
For ages then the sun withdrew
His heat, and I no summer knew,
The springs and rivers ceased to flow,
And round my head auroras glow.
The grinding, icy glacier then
Began to form each lovely glen.
From mountain summits downward borne,
Fragments of rock are rudely torn;
Deposited in some moraine,
For man, in time, to read again.
Again the sun in strength shines out,
His burning rays soon put to rout
The icy king, and budding flowers
Are fed by summer's genial showers.
The earth once more is clothed and fed,
The stream rejoices in its bed,
Now comes the creature, man! the last,
To rule the world, a task how vast!
While Nature's works I thus unfold,
I change not, strive not, ne'er grow old.

ADDENDA;

AND

POEMS RELATING TO THE DISTRICT.

ISAAC CONSTANTINE.

IN 1839 this author published a volume of poems, entitled "Flowers of my Spring." London: Richard Groombridge; Keighley: R. Aked; pp. 197. The volume was issued anonymously, but Mr. George Ackroyd, J.P., of Manningham, a gentleman who has for more than half a century been intimately associated with Yorkshire authors and their works, informs us that the author was Isaac Constantine, a native of Keighley, and has promised to procure matter for a biography of the author, which we shall insert in our next edition. From the preface to "Flowers of my Spring," we learn that they are the compositions of a youth not 18 years of age.

The Poet's Home.

YE bustling towns are not for me,
I would not have ye for my home,
For I would live with nature free;
O'er her dominions fearless roam.

The poet's home! O! where the spot
Is meet to be his dwelling place?
O! seek not far! some little grot
Shall straight his ardent wish efface.

Near where some river's mirror breast
Is laid in stillness 'neath the shore,
Where shades of trees in slumbers rest,
And fear no mighty tempest's roar.

Or where the rocks are towering high,
In shapes fantastic o'er the wave;
While shadows fling a deeper dye,
And sink to many a pearly cave.

Slow sounding from the minster tower
I hear the sweeping, solemn bell,
Invite all back at vesper hour,
While lengthen'd echoes round me swell.

There peeping from amidst the trees
Are rear'd the towers of castle grey;
Walls and high battlements the vision sees,
All crumbling downward to decay.

Here trimly sat on bank of flowers,
The shepherds watch the sun decline,
And praise him for their vintage bowers
That give them store of goodly wine.

The pipe in trembling cadence trills.
While maidens sing in sweetest strain,
Which mingles with the murmuring rills,
Then rolls across the waves amain.

O! be my home by such a stream,
With contemplation for my friend,
And store of books—time's golden gleam,
Slow journeying onward to my end.

Or I could dwell by lovely Dee,
Where rolls its wave 'neath Chester wall;
Or where the Ouse full-flowing, free,
Rolls past full many an ancient hall,

And that imperial city's towers
Where Constantine in days of yore
Had centr'd all his mighty powers,
And since far-fam'd for holy lore.

A home like these, where time hath shed
Bright honours from his hoary hand,
Is where I wish to rest my head
Upon mine own dear native land!

Rev. LOWTHER E. ELLIS.

By THOS. WILMOT, L.R.C.P. LOND. M.R.C.S. ENG.

MR. ELLIS is entitled to a place in these pages through having for some years resided at Shipley, and whilst there was the author of a volume of poems, many of which relate to the district of Shipley and Saltaire. Born at Leeds on December 10th, 1839, he was early removed to the quaint town of Pickering, where most of his boyhood days were spent. At 22 he entered the Primitive Methodist Ministry, and has ministered successfully in many Yorkshire towns, amongst which are Doncaster, Shipley, Halifax, Pateley Bridge, and Batley. He is now stationed at Belper, near Derby, where he has been three years. It is now twenty years ago since his first volume of poems was issued; this was entitled "Flowers in Heaven, or Memorials of the Dead," pp. 64; printed by J. Parrott, Leeds. From this volume we take "Brown's Wood," which is situated between Shipley and Thackley, and "An Invocation," which was sung as a chant at the opening of Windhill Primitive Methodist Chapel.

The Rev. gentleman is a sweet singer—pure, simple and natural, and his music is at all times pleasant and loveable.

Brown's Wood.

WORTHY a poet's muse, thou grand old wood!
For generations thou hast proudly stood.
A forest once wert thou of kingly pride,
Stretching thy noble borders far and wide.
Within thy sylvan glades the wild boar rang'd;
On stealthy pinions glided birds of prey;
But, oh, since then how greatly art thou changed!
Now signs of peace prevail from day to day.
In former times I've heard the aged tell,
How in thy precincts was a famous well,
Where from the College students came to drink,
And meditate beside its shady brink.
Now, near thy once lone confines, rushes by
The engine, belching sparks ascending high,
And cloudy smoke which 'mid the sunbeams play
As merry as the laughing flowers of May.
Enclosed in thy domains is also found
A little plot of sacred, hallowed ground,
Where from the cares of life for ever freed,
Lie buried some who were of Fox's creed.



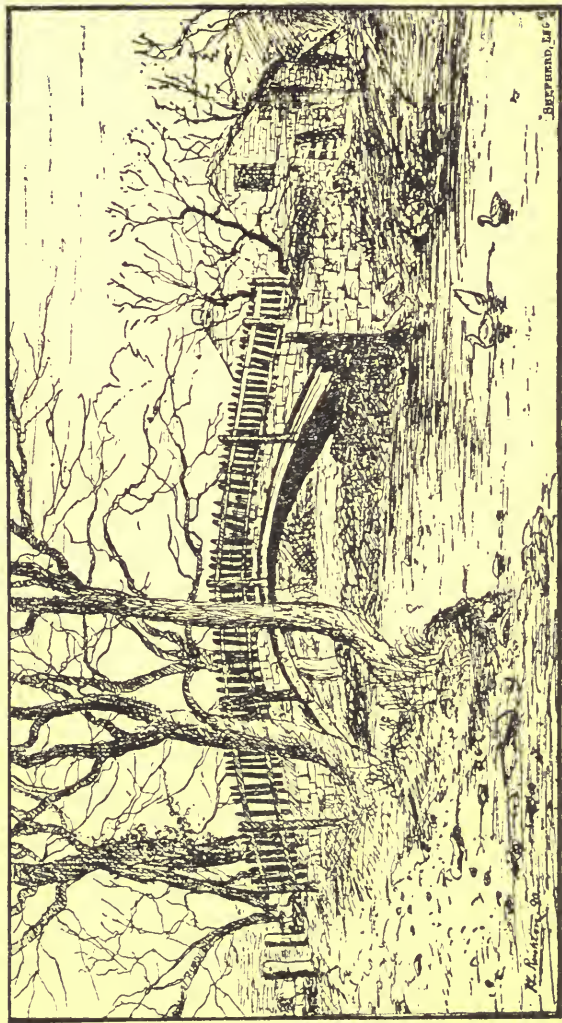
Yours Truly
L. E. Ellis

Though altered much from what thou long hadst been,
A grandeur yet remaineth to be seen :
Here stand the stately tree and massive stone,
On which for ages past the sun hath shone ;
The woodbine clinging to the sturdy oak,
Sheds a rich fragrance o'er each winding walk ;
The velvet slopes are decked with smiling flowers,
And birds sing sweetly in their leafy bowers.
'Mid these transporting charms I love to stray,
At dewy eve or early dawning day ;
These scenes delightful ruminations bring
Of Nature's God, and Heaven's Eternal King.

An Invocation.

THOU great Jehovah ! in this place,
Unveil the glories of Thy face :
To every mind Thy power reveal ;
Let every heart Thy goodness feel.
Here, in Thine house, for ever dwell,
Defeat the subtle power of hell ;
Let Satan fly before thy might,
Into his dark abode of night.
By Christ, whose blood the nations bought,
Let matchless wonders here be wrought :
O Spirit ! Thou eternal power,
On us Thy heavenly blessings shower.
Great Three in One ! Immortal Sire !
Fan into flame the holy fire !
Array Thy saints in robes of grace,
And let Thy glory fill the place !
Here let the captive find relief,—
Break the strong bars of unbelief ;—
And let the Song of Jubilee
Be sung, o'er ransom'd sinners free.
For ever here may peace abound,
And great prosperity be found ;
In union sweet may each agree,
To consecrate their all to Thee !

Beckfoot Bridge, Bingley.



FROM A PAINTING BY W. C. RUSHTON, IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. FORSHAW.

Beckfoot Bridge, Bingley.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

SUMMER.

HERE let me rest awhile, and watch the stream
Merrily flowing 'neath the summer's sun ;
How bright and joyous doth it blithely run,
A subject meet for poet's fairest theme.

Pregnant with life—it seems with mirth to teem :
Its bubblings speak of happiness and fun ;
Its sparkling, sportive ways are never done,
Bounding along with many a flashing gleam.

How gay the pebbles in its shallow bed !
How soft and cool the moss upon its shore !
How quick the fish that dart its waters o'er !
How green the branches waving overhead !
And oh ! the many-shaded flowers how sweet
That snugly nestle 'neath the noontide heat.

WINTER.

But lo ! the scene hath changed. King Winter's hand
Hath stripped the foliage from the once gay trees,
And 'stead of lightsome wind or zephyr breeze,
Fierce gusts blow harshly over all the land.

How wild the scene ! but yet how wildly grand !
The flowers are gone and barren are the leas,
And yet we love Queen Nature's mysteries,
And feel that they are well and wisely planned.

Though ice-bound now—the stream will flow again ;
The flowers will bloom—the leaves once more appear ;
The Summer's sun again will shine out clear,
And shed his glory over wood and plain.
We love the Summer more when we have known
To list with dread rude Winter's dismal moan.

Harden Beck.

BY THE REV. JAS. GABB, B.A., WELBURN.

BENEATH the sunny gleam,
With many a merry song,
All the summer long,
There runs a crystal stream.
Within its mossy vest,
Well nurtured by the drops
Which the mountains tops
Gather and dispense,
Deep muffled in its source !
From whose upheaving breast,
As bountiful as blest,
It leaps into its course
Like a thing of sense.

Around the fountain-head
The zephyrs, as they pass,
Sport among the grass
Till the hours have fled ;
Or close beside the well,
They hear a silver bell
Ringing them to bed.

There, the dewy lark
Learns his matin lay,
Listening through the dark !
Soon he soars away
Towards the rosy dawn,
Pouring his glad note
From his supple throat
Over lea and lawn.

There the honey-bee,
Early on the wing,
Hears the merry thing,
Beautiful and free,
Ever sweetly sing !
Cool, and pure, and bright
As is the dawning light ;
Morning, noon, and night,
Music aye to me !

By the Aire's Green Banks.

BY JAMES MUNDY, BRADFORD.

BESIDE the flowing Aire's green bank I stray'd,
To watch the shadows that reflected lie
Atween the crystal flood and mirror'd sky;
Where—like a fairy world of restless shade—
The summer verdure of the woodland glade
Waved to and fro with every zephyr's sigh.

How calm the overshadow'd river seems !
No furrow'd wavelet ripples on its breast,
No passing breeze disturbs its tranquil rest,
Naught, save the golden flutter of the gleams,
That dart from fiery Sol's retiring beams,
Ere slowly sinks he to the gentle west.

I peer into the wat'ry depths below,
And muse upon the mimic verdant way;
I ponder as each flutter of the spray
Gives back its faint responsive dumb-like show.
'They are but shadows in a river's flow
That vanish with the light of closing day.'

How like to fame—when from the inner soul
We mirror all our hopes upon a page,
And tabulate the monument of age
Upon the surface of ambition's scroll,—
To find them fading as we near the goal,
And leave no record of life's heritage.

Again I muse in solitude divine,
Where nature prank'd in sweet poetic lore,
Unfolds her bosom fill'd with richest store:
Where all things rare and beautiful entwine,
And here I drink from out the well of wine,
Where *one* had drank and drank so deep before.

I dream a pleasant waking dream of thought,
Beneath the golden light of summer skies,
And as the mental visions 'fore me rise
I think of *him*, who, musing oft had sought
These wild enchanting scenes where he had wrought,
And carved himself the fame that never dies.

His soul has fled to realms of purest light,
 Where rivers glide 'mid everlasting flow'rs,
 Where poets trill their songs in tranquil bow'rs,
 And fear no shadow from the critic's blight.
 Though silent hangs his harp in endless night,
 His Airedale strains still wile the tedious hours.
 Oft in the purest light of coming days
 When gentle bards may steal across the stream
 To pour their numbers in a strain supreme,
 Their songs will mingle with the time-worn praise
 Of viewless harps that sang enchanted lays
 When nature fed the soul with holy gleam.
 There Airedale's gentle bard in spirit may
 Commune in sweet affinity of soul,
 And from that hidden sphere beyond the goal
 Send forth a spark to fan the fiery ray
 Which feeds the light of everlasting day,
 And gives to reason's flight the richest dole.

In Memoriam.—James Waddington.

By ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

Too late!—even as the wreath for Tasso's brow:
 Fame offers thee her coronal of bays,
 Thine ear is cold and dead to earthly praise,
 And Life's ambitious hopes are worthless now.
 Within those silken pages lie enshrin'd
 Sweet, tender utterance of thy thought
 And many a line with holiest teaching fraught,
 Noble and pure—fair mirrors of thy mind.
 Yet what avails the task that love has led?—
 To lay it on thy grave were idle meed—
 We gaze and pause for weeping, as we read
 The warm, bright, living words, for thou art dead!
 Yet with a vain, fond yearning we proclaim
 Thy worth and genius to attentive ears,
 As if we thought, e'en in the seraph-spheres,
 Our words could touch thee with the thrill of Fame.
 Our lives must still be met with toil and prayers,
 Thine, in the rest of deathless love shall last—
 And now we know that in the golden Past
 We entertain'd an Angel unawares !

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